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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S Budget contained only one constructive feature of great importance—Imperial Preference—"small beginnings," because confined at present to the articles of our existing Customs Tariff. Preference is to be substantial in amount and is achieved by reduction in present duties—a sop to the consumer. Tea, sugar, coffee, cocoa, and alcohol are the only articles of immediate importance it includes. This Preference involves a loss of three millions revenue in a full year. Though no other foods or materials come within its scope, the war-taxes on certain manufactured luxuries are retained and subjected to a preference, at present merely formal. Here, however, we have the first step in Protection, destined to distort the natural economic development of our Empire, to sow ill-will among our Allies and other foreigners, and to violate the principle of economic equality which is the corner-stone of any successful League of Nations.

For the rest, the positive proposals of the Budget are unimportant, though the halving of the Excess Profits Tax is an injurious concession to the rich at a time when every million is urgently needed. The only additions to taxation of any size are on Death Duties, Beer, and Spirits. In view of this, the size of the estimated revenue caused surprise. But it is weighted with the heavy arrears of last year's Excess Profits Tax, with 200 millions from the sale of Government war-properties, and by an unknown but considerable amount of currency notes, which the Government continues to print. The net result is to produce a revenue of 1,160 millions, on the present tax-basis, to meet a bill of 1,435 millions. But the actual deficit, after new concessions and additions are taken into account, is 275 millions. That amount is to be raised by borrowing. Additional taxes are calculated to enable the revenue of "the first normal year" to meet an expenditure which, however,

is estimated at the low figure of 766 millions, a figure which does not take into consideration the ambitious military policy of Mr. Churchill, or even the legitimate requirements of social-economic reconstruction.

THE League of Nations is now in being. Its final shape contains few changes of substance, but there are definite improvements on the earlier draft. The most important is the new provision for a possible increase in the Council, should other Powers be added to the League. This evidently looks to the possible and desirable adhesion at no distant date of Germany and perhaps Russia. Provision is also made for the withdrawal of any member on two years' notice, and for expulsion in certain extraordinary circumstances. Unanimity in the decisions of the League, denoting the retention of unimpaired sovereignty, is explicitly laid down. Other noteworthy amendments safeguard the members against any judgment of the League affecting matters which fall within the domestic jurisdiction of one or other of the disputants, and exclude any intrusion upon the rights of the United States under the Monroe doctrine. The mandatory powers of the League are mitigated by an assertion of the principle that a mandate cannot be forced on an unwilling nation. The doctrine of "equality of employment" of men and women is inserted in the Labor programme. Last, not least, amendments to the Constitution now require, not a three-quarters majority of the constituent States, but only a bare majority, though the unanimous consent of the Council is still necessary.

THE Covenant thus completed had a favorable press. There was a general disposition to accept it as the greatest common measure attainable under the difficult circumstances of the case, and to congratulate Mr. Wilson, Lord Robert Cecil, and General Smuts, our most energetic supporters, on producing any large foundation for pacific internationalism. Liberals will, however, regret that our Dominions should have been responsible, as is held, for the refusal of Japan's claim for the recognition of racial equality of treatment. The appointment of Sir James Eric Drummond as first Secretary-General is a powerful pledge for what we may term the Anglo-American intentions of the League. The value of the League, however, clearly hinges upon the terms of Peace, for its powers and sanctions are quite insufficient to stand the strain of safeguarding a Peace containing breaches of the rights of nationality and self-determination, or demanding the prolonged occupation of enemy country by military forces of the Allies.

THE temptation of a sudden success after more than three years of adversity proved too strong for the Italian politicians. After the victory of Vittorio Veneto, a more than foolish Jingo Press campaign, which Orlando, either through weakness or the belief in the methods of petty marketing so common among peace plenipotentiaries, made no attempt to check—a campaign inspired, perhaps in part, by certain officials of the Italian Foreign Office—taught the Italian people to exaggerate

their share in the common victory, and condemned them to inevitable disillusionment, whatever Italy may gain from the liquidation of the world war. They have learnt that not only Fiume and the Dalmatian enclave of the Treaty of London, but all Dalmatia, together with a protectorate over an Albania artificially enlarged at the expense of Slavs and Greeks, and vast colonial zones, are the "just rights" of the victorious Italian race. Now disillusionment in a land which is poor, indebted, underfed and dependent on the foreigner for all important raw materials, and where Bolshevism is rife in town and countryside, may well prove a danger to the State. Moreover, contrary to the opinion of certain reactionary admirers of the Triple Alliance, Italy cannot now fall back on a Teuton-Magyar alliance and win for herself the Mediterranean hegemony. She must keep her place in the League of Nations as constituted at Paris and continue to collaborate with her Allies, and especially with the associate, America. The only alternative is Bolshevism, and a country dependent on the foreigner cannot afford to take the lead in revolution.

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ORLANDO is necessarily aware of these things. No one knows better than the Italian premier the gravity of the Fiume issue as a factor in Italian home politics. An admission of the Italian claim would have solved or postponed many difficulties. As it is, the wild enthusiasm with which he was welcomed home as the champion of Fiume—however much it stirred the heart of Orlando, Italian and orator, and gratified Orlando the politician with his somewhat painfully acquired ascendancy over his colleagues—can hardly have contributed to the peace of mind of Orlando, the responsible Italian statesman. Italian politicians know that Italy cannot afford to quarrel with America. The Italian Chamber has given Orlando a blank cheque for negotiation. But, knowing the present fierceness of public opinion and that the elections are in sight, it has been careful to give to this demonstration a sense of confidence in Orlando's will to obtain Fiume. Orlando's speech is conciliatory. In return for Fiume he is probably ready to abandon nearly all the Dalmatian claims of the Treaty of London. But it is precisely over Fiume that President Wilson's attitude seems to be firmest—he might conceivably make some concessions in Dalmatia. That is the vicious circle within which the Conference of Paris is for the present confined.

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IF Orlando loses Fiume, he will almost inevitably lose office. By infinite ingenuity and patience he has succeeded in forming a *bourgeois* coalition, in which the most bitter rivals are grouped—mainly to fight Socialism in the elections, which are due in October at the latest. He is the one Italian politician now capable of holding such a precarious coalition together. But what strength it has is founded not merely on fear of Revolutionary Socialism, but on support of the maximum Italian peace programme. If Orlando falls, a more reactionary Government will probably be formed. A repairing of the breach in the Extreme Left, and an intensification of revolutionary propaganda, would then inevitably result. Italy might well be plunged into that dangerous political crisis which it has been one of Orlando's main aims to avoid. In any event, Italy is, we fear, destined during the hard years of reconstruction to suffer many of the evil effects of a wave of Chauvinism which has been exploited without scruple. But these are questions

for the future. In the present, and for the present, we cannot count on the old Italian Liberalism. We must, then, place our trust in the Italian political instinct, which, under more normal circumstances, has always shown itself to be exceptionally acute.

* * *

THE German Peace Delegates, headed by Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, were received by the Prefect of the Seine and Oise Department, who was accompanied by the French, British, and American military representatives, at half-past nine last Tuesday evening. They were taken by motor-car to Versailles, where, it is understood, the Peace Treaty will be presented to them on Saturday or Monday. Shortly before leaving Berlin, an important member of the Delegation, Prof. Walter Schüchting, declared that his Government counted on serious negotiations taking place. The contents of the last Allied Note, at any rate, suggested a readiness to negotiate. He believed that an acceptable preliminary peace would eventually be attained, though the discussion of points of detail might last months. The tone of this "inspired" eleventh hour forecast is more hopeful than most recent German official and semi-official utterances on the peace prospects have been.

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THE settlement of the question as to whether Germany was to send Foreign Office clerks or proper plenipotentiaries to Versailles seems to be regarded in Berlin as a small but welcome victory for German diplomacy. Apart from the vindication of German *amour-propre*, which is thought to have been achieved by the protest, it is considered that the reception of plenipotentiaries by the Allies is an admission that the peace will be negotiated and not dictated. Meanwhile, the attitude in German Government circles, as disclosed by recent Ministerial utterances to the Press, remains pretty stiff. Brockdorff-Rantzau has again asserted to the representative of a Vienna paper that Germany makes the Fourteen Points the irrevocable basis of her peace, while Gothein, the Minister of the Treasury, offers "material, machines, and human labor" for the restoration of the ravaged districts in Belgium and North France, thereby implying that there is no money to be had. He still demands the referendum in Alsace-Lorraine, and, though offering German labor for the repair of French mines, declares that the separation of the Saar basin cannot even be discussed. He adds that Germany can accept no peace that deprives her of all her colonial territories.

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UTTERANCES of this kind, the background of which is the determination not to sign an unacceptable treaty, taken in conjunction with the marked revival of national confidence in Germany during the past weeks, cause considerable alarm to more cautious observers in Germany, and this has found expression in two remarkable articles by Kautsky in the Independent Socialist organ "Freiheit." Kautsky strongly blames the Government for nourishing and provoking the reaction towards nationalist sentiment, and also for refusing to publish the documents bearing on the origins of the war—a refusal which convicts it before Europe of sympathy and solidarity with the ideals of the *ancien régime*. Kautsky evidently contemplates the possibility of Germany having to sign a disastrous peace, such as Prussia had to by the Treaty of Tilsit and France by the Treaty of Frankfurt. Should this prove the case, he argues, her only hope will lie in the develop-

ment of the democratic and proletarian movement in the countries now opposed to her, which will make the maintenance of a peace of violence intolerable in the long run even to the victors. And, precisely for that reason, Kautsky is against the madness of refusing to sign the peace treaty—a procedure which would only be justified if popular sentiment in the Allied countries was firmly opposed to a peace of mere conquest. Since, in Kautsky's view, this is not the case, it would be disastrous to anticipate the work of time, especially at the cost of Germany's economic annihilation.

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A DISQUIETING feature in the state of German opinion at the moment is the apparent success of the policy long preached by George Bernhard of the "Vossische Zeitung," which consists of an attempted *rapprochement* with France for the purpose of forming a Continental coalition against the Anglo-Saxon Powers. In support of his thesis, Bernhard has been alleging that any mild treatment that Germany has met with in the course of the armistice negotiations has been due to the initiative of Foch and Clemenceau. The curious thing is that this conception (which of course is fatal to the future of the League of Nations) has now rallied to its support the able Socialist group which edits the "Sozialistische Monatsheft," whose leaders, Kaliski and Cohen, members of the Majority group, with considerable independence of judgment, scored a great success in the recent Congress of Workers' and Soldiers' Councils at Berlin by urging Bernhard's policy, slightly modified so as to hold out a prospect of a Continental Socialist Coalition including Russia. Erzberger has, however, made a dignified and effective reply to the arguments of these speakers in the Peace Committee of the National Assembly, and it seems pretty clear that if the Continental Coalition is to include Bolshevik Russia, it will win little support in Germany. For the reckless gambler's throw involved in precipitating Germany into the arms of Bolshevism grows more and more unpopular in all circles, including those of the Social Democracy, as is shown among other things by Kautsky's strong criticism of the Lenin-Trotsky dictatorship in the articles already referred to. At the Congress of Councils, while the Soviet system in the abstract met with considerable support, the Russian application of the idea was almost unanimously condemned.

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THOUGH the Paris Commission dealing with Responsibility for the War recommend no prosecution of the authors of the war, the Drafting Committee have prepared an extraordinary document for insertion in the Peace Treaty whereby the Allied and Associated Governments "publicly arraign William II. of Hohenzollern," and set up a special tribunal by which Four Judges appointed by the five Powers propose to try their enemy, after compelling, if they can, the Government of the Netherlands to hand him over. These judges, in their own case, declare that their tribunals "will be guided by the highest motives of international policy," and will vindicate "the validity of international morality." Other persons accused of violation of laws and custom of war are to be tried by military tribunals of their enemies, and will get the sort of justice which appertains to such Courts. There is a certain humor in these portentous formalities, but, of course, no law save that of Mr. Justice Lynch.

* * *

By means of martial law, flying columns, and all the immense machinery of repression which it has at com-

mand, the Government of India has brought the Punjab into a state of comparative order, externally. The Viceroy's cablegrams, however, indicate that the panic created by the Rowlatt Bills, by which the outbreak was largely stimulated, has been replaced by terror over the penalties imposed by the troops, the courts-martial, and the punitive police. The police themselves have been rewarded, and in all the disturbed districts the trials before the special tribunals have begun. In the meantime a quite fresh turn is introduced by the Governor of Bombay, who, with the sanction of the Viceroy, has issued an order of expulsion from India against Mr. B. G. Horniman, editor of the "Bombay Chronicle." Mr. Horniman, an Englishman of exceptional gifts, went to India in 1906, and has been editor of the "Bombay Chronicle" since its foundation, six years ago. He has made his paper the leading organ in Western India of complete and immediate Home Rule, and latterly has been associated with Mr. M. K. Gandhi in the direction of the passive resistance movement, which was called off by the leaders when it was realised that it was impossible to keep it from being perverted by the lawless elements. Since identifying himself with the Nationalists, Mr. Horniman has been untiring and fearless in his advocacy of the more extreme position. We may take it for granted that he will challenge the Government in the courts.

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THE appointment of an Ambassador to Washington has not yet been announced; and Lord Reading is expected to leave for home this week. There never was a more propitious time than this in the relations between this country and the United States, nor one, nevertheless, more delicate, and with a more urgent call for a first-rate man to represent us in Washington. Several names are rumored. We have heard, for example, that Sir Esme Howard may be appointed. We are loth to believe it. He is an able man, but our period is so dark and menacing still, with its hosts of busy and interested makers of mischief on both sides of the water, that what we require is a public man of gifts admitted and admired both here and in America. Our representative in Washington, above all cities, should be outstanding as a wise, scholarly, and benignant personality, wide in outlook and firm in character. We have such men.

* * *

WE have a good deal of sympathy with the difficult position in which Sir R. Horne finds himself, and his defence in the House of the huge demand (£25,000,000) for unemployed benefit was as good as the circumstances admitted. The Ministry of Labor is not to blame for the lamentable fact that a million workers are standing idle. It was inevitable that, when Government work was brought to an end, there must be a period during which a large proportion of our workers would be out of a job. There could be only one real remedy: to free trade as rapidly as possible from the restrictions, prohibitions, and uncertainties, which war entailed. The first duty of a sane Government was to remove the blockade and the attendant embargoes at the earliest possible moment, so that raw materials might flow as rapidly as possible into our depleted stocks, and our manufactures might respond at once to the huge demands of a world-trade kept on starvation rations for several years. It is the refusal to make peace after the victory is won that is responsible for the growing trouble. Our workers are beginning to understand, and are not anxious to see idleness and poverty created by the policy of Mr. George and Mr. Churchill.

Politics and Affairs.

A WAR-AND-PEACE BUDGET.

LIKE all war-budgets, Mr. Chamberlain's consists of a set of manoeuvres for appearing to make both ends meet, without injuring powerful political supports or offending excessively the taxpayer. Since a sort of war is still going on, he claims to be entitled to eke out his finance with a certain amount of further borrowing. For how can a war be conducted by the honest method of paying your way as you go along? Mr. Chamberlain even took credit for the small amount of deficit to be made up by borrowing—a mere trifle of 275 millions, or, say 300, to allow for "contingencies and further demands," some of which, he remarked, "I can already see maturing." After all, what is 300 millions added to such a total as our present national debt of 7,435 millions? And it is fair to say that, in view of Mr. Churchill at the War Office, and the proposals for wholesale operations to put down Bolshevism in Europe, Mr. Chamberlain's borrowing sounds a modest sum.

Probably the most surprising statement in the Budget speech was the estimate of the year's revenue at the enormous figure of 1,160 millions, exceeding last year's receipts by more than 270 millions. Where does this extra money come from? Not from increased taxation, it would appear, for the only considerable increases of taxes are in Death Duties, Beer, and Spirits, and as an offset against these there is the large reduction of the Excess Profit Duty, and several millions loss on Imperial Preferences. The great bulk of this extra revenue is what must properly be termed illicit income. No less than 200 millions is to come by putting the proceeds of the sale of Government factories, ships, and other war-goods, into current income, instead of to the capital account of the nation for paying off war debt. This dishonest book-keeping, Mr. Chamberlain suggests, will help to square accounts for several years to come, for he puts the total sum to come in from these assets at 800 millions. Another crooked method of finance consists in the simple manufacture of money by the printing press, which in the course of last year added 120 millions to our uncovered currency notes. Since one month of this financial year has already contributed 21 millions from this source, Mr. Chamberlain may even be congratulated on his moderate use of this way of manufacturing money he intends to use during the rest of the year. And yet the continuation of this financial malpractice of inflation, with the secret indirect taxation it involves, taken in conjunction with the enormous and ever-growing size of the floating debt, is a source of grave alarm to those who understand the reactions of this unsound finance upon the external credit and commerce of this country.

Mr. Chamberlain utters excellent phrases in favor of a return to sound finance. "The first remedial measure is to reduce expenditure. The second is to meet that expenditure as early and as fully as we can out of revenue." But how is he going to apply these remedies? Expenditure depends on policy, and especially on foreign policy. Has the Government so firmly set itself to a pacific Europe and a reduction of armaments as to warrant any belief that next year will enable us to bring down our national expenditure to the figure of 766 millions, Mr. Chamberlain's estimate for what he terms "the first normal year"? A debt charge which will then amount to 380 millions, with pensions and other war-committals in addition, with housing education, and other increased expenditure on social reform, and all official salaries still at the new post-war level, will together

make such a figure as Mr. Chamberlain names utterly inadequate to meet the bill. There are only two ways for dealing honestly and effectively with the situation. One is a large increase of direct taxation, which signifies a raising of the income-tax, or a retention of a high excess profits tax, or both; the other is a levy upon capital. The condemnation of Mr. Chamberlain is that he proposes to take neither of these steps. His prime object in his speech was to produce figures which by postponement and concealment should so disguise the true situation as to allay apprehension, and draw attention from the necessity of effecting a large and early reduction of the national debt if we are to get once more upon a basis of sound finance. For without this we cannot restore our foreign trade and secure the annual supplies of overseas foods and materials needed for the support of our people and our manufactures. Mr. Chamberlain dwelt, indeed, with a note of some alarm upon our loss of foreign investments and the dimensions of our foreign indebtedness. But he neither provided nor suggested any remedies, except in terms of hopeless generality.

The Budget contains only one genuine novelty, and that of a particularly ugly nature. In placing Imperial Preference upon a regular financial footing, Mr. Chamberlain claims to be fulfilling specific pledges and confident expectations. But the act is avowedly a first step towards the reversal of the Free Trade policy which has been the financial sheet-anchor of our policy for three-quarters of a century. The preference provided is confined for the moment to the few articles which come into our existing customs tariff, and Mr. Chamberlain apologises for its insignificance, looking forward to a future development. There are to be at present no new taxes upon imported food or raw materials, though it should not escape notice that the war-taxes upon certain imported manufactures such as motors, musical instruments, and clocks, are retained, and are brought within this Imperial Preference. The consumer is to be reconciled to this first step towards protection by getting his imperial tea, cocoa, sugar, and tobacco a trifle cheaper than before. But since he will have to make up this gain by a few millions extra taxation of some other sort, he has no reason for gratitude. The really important early consequences of Imperial Preference will lie in the region of foreign policy. Equality of commercial opportunity is the most important guarantee of that new international order which we are pledged to endeavor to establish under the Covenant of the League of Nations. Yet within a week of the attachment of our signature to this instrument, our Government embarks upon a discriminative tariff which, in the exact measure of its development along the lines Mr. Chamberlain predicts, must inevitably breed ill-will and evoke reprisals in the tariffs of foreign countries, some of whom are our closest allies. If Canada, fostered by this preference, manufactures motors and films and so ousts the French and American articles in our markets, will this improve our relations with these countries? China is, no doubt, a weak power; but, as an existing and potential market for our textile, metal, and other manufactures, she has great importance. But if we discriminate against her tea, she will not find it easy to pay for our cotton goods, and will be likely to show favor to goods from America and Germany. All these results are obvious and certain. Bad for the trade and revenue of this country, the policy must appear hypocritical to foreigners at a moment when the independence of our Dominions is absolutely flaunted in the eyes of the world by the claim they have successfully maintained to rank as States entitled to separate representation in the League of Nations. As members of

this League, they even intend to enclose portions of the ex-German colonies within their separate tariff walls. And this is the moment Mr. Chamberlain selects for trumpeting his doctrine of Imperial unity.

HALF A LEAGUE.

"As the births of all living creatures are at first misshapen, so is it with innovations which are the births of time." These words of Sir Francis Bacon may help to explain and to extenuate the serious defects of true internationalism in the Covenant of the League of Nations. As it issues from the angry, selfish, and suspicious atmosphere of Paris, it may well be a matter of surprise that it has retained even the semblance of the new Society of Nations, as that Society shaped itself in the mind and aspirations of its sponsors here and in America. The course of debate in Paris betrayed so firmly-rooted a distrust of international ideals and guarantees in the mind of Continental statesmen as to make the laying of the foundation stone of the new order a task of well-nigh insuperable difficulty. That difficulty, however, has been overcome, and the countries representing the greater part of the world have formally consented to take part in building the temple of future peace upon this bloodstained earth. This is in itself an immense achievement. Its real significance cannot be realised until the sound of recent battles has died down and returning reason is able to set to work upon this rude imperfect sketch of the new order, and to strengthen those pillars of faith and justice whose present weakness is at once a danger and a deformity. But though we are entitled to congratulate ourselves that this great new beginning has been possible, it would be a wanton folly to conceal or to minimize the grave defects of the League as here constituted, and the immediate perils to its very existence, should it be attached to and employed for the defence and execution of a bad and unjust peace. The justice and goodness of the peace will, in a word, be the best testimony to the confidence which the signatories of this Covenant place in its validity. An unprincipled and vindictive peace would wreck the League at the very outset. For it would negate the possibility of an early inclusion of the defeated powers, and upon such admission hinges the whole value of the League as an instrument of peaceful internationalism. The best of the amendments in the completed draft is that providing for and clearly contemplating the likelihood of Germany and Russia, the two great nations that remain outside, entering the League. With a good peace compatible with the Wilson principles, and all the great States brought within the fold, it would be possible with growing faith and community of purpose to remedy the many imperfections that mar the Covenant, and to transform it into a true Government of international democracy.

But if the urgent importance of those conditions is to be understood, the task demands a clear realization of the gravity of these faults in the present Covenant. We will recite them, not for condemnation of the Covenant, but for direction in the agitation for reform, which should be the immediate duty of all who desire to make it what it ought to be.

(1) It is a League of Governments, not of peoples, conducted by a tiny group of Ministers, who are in no effective way the voices of their peoples.

(2) It is a League of the War-Allies, stamping on its first constitution the birth-mark of its war-origin, and so diminishing its efficacy as an instrument of future peace.

Although the remedy for this defect is formally provided, its application is made very difficult.

(3) It is a League of the Great Powers. For they will control the Council, and with the Council rests the determination of nearly all the critical judgments and policies of the League. This dominion of the Governments whose "greatness" is still measured in terms of fighting strength must be resented, so long as it survives, by the smaller nations as a forcible oligarchy, and this resentment will impair the development of the true international spirit.

(4) The claim, asserted in Articles 11 and 17, to intervene in the international disputes and difficulties of States outside the League, whether or not such disputes affect any member of the League, is an assertion of world-government which in the hands of a few Great Powers might easily become a most oppressive form of joint imperialism, in which the interests of world-peace might be the pretext for continual extensions of the mandatory principle for power and profit.

Apart from these faults of composition, the draft contains a number of weaknesses in powers and functions which, until they are remedied, will greatly diminish the efficacy of the League in the performance of its really useful work. The first and foremost is the insistence upon unanimity in all decisions of the Council or of the Assembly, with a few named exceptions. This doctrine of unanimity means, of course, that complete sovereignty is still retained for every independent State, and this means that we have in substance a mere Concert of the Powers. If it were only a question of form or national pride, such concessions to the old historical tradition might pass without criticism. Unfortunately, it affects very seriously the performance of the most essential pacific services of the League. Disarmament is by common consent a vital necessity for peaceful civilization. But the League takes no real power to effect reduction of armaments. It only "formulates plans for their reduction," for "the consideration and action" of the several nations. But how if a nation fails to adopt a good plan? The draft furnishes no answer, claims no power to bring about reduction.

The provisions for arbitration and conciliation are vitiated by the same standing upon sovereign dignity. Each Power is to decide for itself whether its dispute is arbitrable or not, and the disputants are themselves to name the court to which their case shall be submitted. The proposal for a permanent Court of International Justice—the only adequate proposal for dealing with such cases—is still relegated to the distant future and the veto of any single obstructive power. But from the standpoint of a pacific instrument the crucial test lies in the proposals for settling the dangerous political issues which are not of an arbitrable or judicable character. The shiftiness of the earliest draft is here retained. We are first told, in the opening of Article XV., that these issues shall be submitted to the Council. But, in a later section of the Article, either of the disputants may remove the issue from the Council to the Assembly. In either case full unanimity is required in order to give any effective sanction to the recommendations of the League, whose settlement is otherwise confined to a publication of evidence and the expression of a pious opinion. Only in the event of unanimity will members of the League "agree that they will not go to war with any party to the dispute which complies with the recommendations of the report," i.e., any single member of the League reserves the right to take up arms to support the claims rejected by the majority of the Council or Assembly after due inquiry. Thus it appears that the Covenant makes no

real provision for an equitable court of settlement for any sort of international dispute.

Economic equality of opportunities for members of the League is not provided even in Colonies, protectorates, and mandatory areas, with the exception of the areas of Central Africa. The presence of protectionist Australasia and Japan is represented in a really impudent interpretation of the mandatory principle, whereby permission is given to incorporate ex-German colonies as "integral portions of their territory," and to include them, as Mr. Hughes obligingly explained, inside their tariff system. This case must, of course, bring into suspicion the whole mandatory principle, for whatever talk there may be of annual reports to an International Commission by mandatory powers, it is quite evident that these committals to Australasia and Japan do not in substance differ from acts of annexation.

Two other qualifications of clear internationalism remain for notice. For the first time in political history the Monroe Doctrine obtains formal recognition by international act. Though this recognition is no doubt due to exceptional political circumstances, it establishes a precedent which may seriously imperil the efficiency of the League. For the Article XXI. speaks of "regional understandings like the Monroe doctrine," an expression which the diplomacy of Japan will be quick to apply to her own "special interests" in China, recently admitted by America. Finally, the language of the same and the preceding Article seems to give support to the contention that the Covenant does not intend to preclude the making of separate treaties or alliances of a "defensive" character among members of the League.

Now, it is well to recognise that however necessary these concessions to absolute sovereignty, trade differentiation and imperialism may have been in the atmosphere of Paris negotiations, they constitute a heavy handicap upon the League at its outset. For the League, thus conceived in darkness and bearing on its frame the blemishes of its diplomatic origin, comes out into the world as the property not of a handful of contentious and suspicious statesmen, but of the common folk of every country. It is the instrument which they must learn to use for fashioning a safer and a better world. Upon the democracy of every land is, therefore, laid the urgent obligation to take concerted thought and action in order to transform this weak creation of allied diplomacy and compromise into a just and powerful organ for the common safety and the commonwealth of nations.

FIUME.

FIUME is predominantly Italian. Its populous suburb on the East, Sussak, whence so many of the workers of the port are drawn, is almost exclusively Slav. And although before the war Fiume was long an autonomous city of the Kingdom of Hungary, while working class Sussak, of recent growth, formed part of the administrative "banat" of Croatia, economically the two places were and are indivisible. If their populations be taken together, the Italian and Slav elements are approximately equal—rather less than 26,000 Italians, rather more than 26,000 Slavs. These figures are, of course, based on pre-war Hungarian statistics, but in that case they are not likely to show an anti-Italian bias; for if, in Trieste, Austrian policy, in using the "divide and conquer" method, favored the Slavs against the Italians, in Fiume, as indeed in Dalmatia also, Magyar policy tended to encourage the Italian element. We do not mean to suggest that the "Italianity" of Fiume is artificial; if it were, the fact would not have any real importance. Fiume is Italian,

in spirit, in history, in architecture, and in communal institutions. Economically, Sussak cannot, we think, be detached from Fiume; and on the other hand, if Fiume became Italian, it would be extremely difficult for Italy to hold the Croatian suburb, which lies to the East of the local stream. But this is a mere practical detail. After all, in return for the acquisition of Fiume, with its developed civic life, its traditions which lie deep in the history of the Venetian Republic, the drawback of annexing a mere additional 15,000 Slavs, or if Sussak be taken, a mere 26,000 Slavs, without as yet any developed cultural existence or state institutions of their own, is slight. That briefly states the Italian "nationality" case for Fiume.

But unfortunately for Italy, as President Wilson's expert advisers have realized, this case cannot be stated with such convenient simplicity. A glance at any good relief map will show the real situation. Italy must, since we are still confined by our rulers within the old wretched strategic frontiers, have her little strategic frontier round Fiume. She cannot take the town and leave the hinterland. She must also link up this hinterland with Istria, of which the Eastern part, as President Wilson declared in his most recent statement, is already purely Slav; the natural frontier, which follows the watershed of the Istrian peninsula, is also the race frontier on a majority basis. If beyond the Treaty of London frontier, which lies much further to the East, Fiume and its necessary hinterland were given to Italy, this would result in the annexation of 100,000 Jugo-Slavs, in return for the liberation of the 26,000 Italians of Fiume. The number is not enormous, but it is big enough to turn the Slav Minority in Julian Venetia (the region stretching from the old Italian frontier on the N.W. to Fiume on the S.E. into an absolute majority over the Italians. We hardly dare to contemplate the evil influence of such a situation on the Italian administration of the region.

So far the racial case against the Italian claim to Fiume. But economic arguments, when, as we have shown, they are not in conflict with the real ethnographical position, are at least equally convincing. President Wilson has felt their whole weight. We do not believe that Fiume is in any sense vital for Italy. Under the old *régime*, the trade of Austria and beyond was directed to Trieste, that of Hungary and beyond to Fiume. This arrangement, although controlled, was, in fact, natural. In Italian hands Trieste will, in any case, perform Venice's mediæval function as a port of Italian and West Central European trade with the Levant, drawing great prosperity to itself and to Italy. Fiume's main function is that of a port of South-Eastern and East-Central European trade, chiefly with the West; and even if it fell to Italy, she would be compelled to leave it free for the trade of Jugo-Slavia and other States, new and old—for the modern world would surely never tolerate a mediæval levying of tolls. Trieste (and Triestine business influences are at work) does, however, fear Fiume's competition, and this fear has been strengthened by the misguided Chauvinism of the Jugo-Slavs and Czecho-Slovaks. But the evil proposal for a corridor, cut through the living body of German Austria, to unite the Slavs of the Centre to the Slavs of the South, has been rejected. Fiume is free to realize its true life as an international port. Unless the prosperity of a Fiume annexed to Italy were to be stifled in the interests of Trieste, its competition, if it exists, will exist whether Fiume be Italian, Slav, or a free port. We fail to see Italy's material interest in acquiring it. But it is the one possible modern port for Jugo-Slavia and for the regions lying beyond. Segna, which has been suggested, although a good harbor, would necessi-

tate the expenditure of tens of millions on the necessary docks, and, more important, on railways, whose construction Hungary in the past deliberately discouraged.

President Wilson has rightly declared that Fiume is not an Italian but an international port. The League of Nations might guarantee Fiume's autonomy in the midst of a Slav world. Italy might be granted special rights of surveillance. The trade of the port would also be free, under a League of Nations guarantee. That is the only satisfactory solution of the Fiume problem, and Orlando might well agree to it if he were a free man. He is not. Fiume is a novelty in the Italian claims. Even the Treaty of London wisely left the port as an outlet for Croatia—or, in Sonnino's mind perhaps, Hungary. And the outcry for Fiume was first heard at the time of the Italian armistice.

COX IN THE BOX.

WHAT ill-natured fairy induced the coal-owners to summon to their aid before the Coal Commission the pallid figure of Mr. Cox we shall never know; but it was a choice that they must ere this be grievously repenting. The truth is that the Editor of the "Edinburgh Review" is a survival. He is the last of the Individualists. He and his congeners were great figures in the robust 'eighties, when the apparition of Mr. John Burns, "The Man with the Red Flag," flashed across Trafalgar Square as a warning to the comfortable classes that the age of Victorian complacency had closed, and that the scroll of a new Apocalypse was unrolling. Then it was that the austere friends of the British working classes gathered together and unanimously resolved that all was well. The interminable calculations of Prof. Leone Levi and of Sir Robert Giffen brought solid comfort to the startled intellect of young Mr. Bounderby, of Coketown, who had carried on business with increasing dividends since his lamented father's decease. The shade of Lord Bramwell was raised to demonstrate that "the law it is the embodiment of everything that's excellent," while the late Earl Wemyss led the retainers of the Liberty and Property Defence League into battle on behalf of the immemorial rights of a free Englishman to get drunk as early and as often as he pleased. Radical Working Men's Clubs listened to the terrible things that would follow if the example of the State in taking over the Post Office and the telegraphs was followed, and many a brewer slept the more soundly for the knowledge that the keenest intellects and most patriotic hearts were forming a phalanx behind his vats. England to itself was true in those spacious days.

After a brief wandering—like another Prodigal Son—in the Fabian Society, Mr. Harold Cox found it impossible to exist intellectually on the husks that the Webbs did eat, and he left that nourishment, and became an Individualist. When the Moderates successfully rallied the high hearts of London against Municipal steamboats and bulk electricity, they looked round for an alderman who should do credit to their victory at the polls, and they selected Mr. Harold Cox. It was a bold stroke, for London, bedevilled by "private enterprise" and choked by slums which had grown out of the private monopoly of land, was a perfect illustration of the sort of community which Mr. Harold Cox's principles had produced. "Hell is a city much like London," wrote Shelley a hundred years ago, but in his day the great private monopolies of land, gas, water, coal, railways, and motor-buses had not yet demonstrated that there was still a lower depth to which a great city might descend. Mr.

Harold Cox, it is true, found certain weak spots in the Eden of which he was one of the administrators, but he did nothing to abolish municipal main drainage, municipal coal regulation, municipal parks, municipal bands, and municipal schools, though he told the Coal Commission last week that he always held that the State was not fit to control education. Dr. Blimber is, in Mr. Cox's cultured eyes, the last word in the organization of popular education, and he had serious qualms about municipal housing. It is nothing to a mind like his that the municipal dwellings are filled with tenants, that they are self-supporting, that they provide a standard of shelter which, while not extravagantly liberal, yet forces "private enterprise" to do something more for its tenants. The fact that "private enterprise," which has made the slums, is utterly unable and equally unwilling to remove them, makes no palpable impression on the Individualist intellect.

The war has changed everything and nearly everybody. But it has left Mr. Harold Cox unchanged. To apply Mr. Chamberlain's celebrated gibe at Mr. Goschen, he appeared at the Coal Commission as the Egyptian skeleton at the feast. His task of reminding a semi-collectivist world that it is mortal, that only the austere principles of Individualism persist. He was not satisfied with denouncing the nationalization of coal-mines; he extended his anathemas to every phase of state or municipal activity except the sewers. The people of London have already enjoyed the advantages of "private enterprise" in regard to drainage, and it brought them in turn the Black Death and the Great Plague. Mr. Harold Cox has therefore relinquished the idea of handing over Crossness to a limited company—there are no dividends in it. But the Post Office, he says, is a huge State failure, and he ingenuously quotes the private enterprise of the penny post in London of Charles II.'s day, without mentioning what it cost in those times to send a letter to Glasgow or to Penzance. If "private enterprise" be allowed to pick the plums out of the pudding it cannot be doubted that it can organize them efficiently; what is equally undoubted is that it cannot give an equalised and general service over a wide area as cheaply and as efficiently as the community. The London Traffic Combine, for instance, has made large profits because its motor-buses have a monopoly of the most profitable and most regular routes, the central City streets, because it is exempted from public burdens that the London County Council tramways have to bear, because it runs no workmen's buses, and because it need not continue to work a service if it can find another on which more profits can be made. The "principles" of Individualism owe no duty to the community in return for the valuable privileges it gives, and when, in regard to the American telephone service, its Apostle was asked whether he held that the fact that a privately-owned service made a larger profit was a conclusive argument against public management, he replied "It is a strong argument against it." Individualism which once terrified us with pictures of "The Coming Slavery" has lost its strongest lever since the Liquor Control Board has restricted the liberty of the subject in regard to perhaps his strongest passion, the opportunity to obtain intoxicating liquor. Without the thrilling refrain of

"Damn their eyes if ever they tries

To rob a poor man of his beer"

the Individualist crusaders of twenty years ago would never have rallied their battalions. Now that that war-cry has been forgotten, the Individualist is left with but one watchword—"Dividends." Unfortunately for him, the war with all its hates and with all its blunders, has

at least revealed the waste of private enterprise in regard to public service, and it has inspired millions of men and women with new ideals of the Commonwealth. We need not anticipate that the road before us will be smooth or easy, but it will not be blocked by the appearance of this spectre wandering in from the catacombs of the nineteenth century to clank his chains and exhibit his winding-sheet in the urbane presence of Mr. Justice Sankey and his fellow commissioners.

MINERS AND DUKES.

MR. SMILLIE and his colleagues have consistently treated the Coal Industry Commission as a sort of revolutionary tribunal or High Court of Impeachment of Capitalism. During the first stage of the proceedings, the colliery owners were placed in the dock, and the miners succeeded in obtaining a plain verdict against them from all the members of the Commission who were not themselves colliery owners. In the words of Mr. Justice Sankey's own report, the present system "stands condemned."

The colliery owners having been thus happily disposed of for the time being, Mr. Smillie has turned his attention to the royalty-owners, and a number of bearers of noble names who belong to this class have been summoned to appear before the Commission. Thus, Mr. Smillie has turned to the advantage of his own party the expressed desire of royalty owners to be heard. The Royalty Owners' Association sent Mr. Leslie Scott to represent them and to ask that they might be heard through counsel. Instead, they are now under the necessity of appearing in person, and of exposing their claims to the scrutiny of the Commission.

There is a passage in Disraeli's "Sybil" in which the eminent author comments upon the origins of the British nobility. We may well be in for a dramatized version of that passage upon the present occasion. All the world knows that many even of the oldest and noblest families can be made to look more than a little embarrassed when the beginnings of their fortune have been tracked down. Monastic and Crown lands in Reformation times, enclosures in the eighteenth century, and other incidents in the history of British land tenure, despite the obliteration of time and the halo of history, still rouse a sense of injustice in the minds of the workers. Mr. Harold Cox may hold that Henry George has been dethroned in favor of Karl Marx; but it is none the less true that the spirit of inquisitiveness about the origin of landed property is by no means dead. Mr. Sidney Webb and the Fabians may have "proved" again and again that, under modern conditions, property in land is just like any other property; but, "Fabianized" as the miners are supposed to be, the fact remains that they propose to buy out the colliery owners, while, in face of Mr. Webb, they persist in refusing compensation to the owners of royalties.

Of course, mineral royalties are not identical with land, and it is quite possible to combine private ownership of land with national ownership of all the minerals which it contains. But the prejudice—to give it no other name—against the royalty owner is closely bound up with the feeling that the earth and the minerals under it belong, as Mr. George used to proclaim, to the people. There is no doubt that, in singling out the royalty owner for a free demonstration, Mr. Smillie and his friends can confidently rely upon a large measure of public support.

Whence does this deep-seated feeling spring? From the same source which gave strength to Mr. George's famous attack upon the unearned increment of urban land. From the feeling that royalties are a form of revenue which accrues to the landlord without the smallest service being given by him in return. Thus, when the miners attack the royalty owners, the point of their assault is that the royalty owner has never given anything for the money he gets out of coal. On the other hand, when they attack the colliery owner, they attack him for doing something—for doing badly what could be better done by someone else. They recognize that he is

performing an industrial and economic service in which he would have to be replaced; but they contend that he is doing it badly and receiving for it more than adequate reward. Dispense with him, and you will have to find a new way of running the mines; refuse to recognize the "right" of the royalty owner, and the mines will go on just as before, except that a considerable toll previously levied on their product will have been removed.

The whole tendency of modern industrial criticism is to insist on regarding industry as a form of public service, and to scrutinize the claims to share in the product of industry in the light of the service rendered. If the element of real risk to capital is eliminated from the mining industry, whether by national ownership or by a gigantic private trust, the "risk" claim of the capitalist vanishes, and, apart from such work as he continues to perform purely as a manager, his claim to share in the product of industry disappears. As long as new capital is raised by private loan, there is a possible second line of defence; for capital can be represented as the fruit of private saving, and saving as the result of personal abstinence, and dividends as the reward of abstinence. But in these days of huge capital accumulations, most saving is not the result of abstinence in any real sense, and clearly an attack on dividends as a whole cannot be met by the argument that the saving of a portion of them breeds a right to more.

The Commission has spent some time in hearing the views of leading economists and publicists upon the question of nationalization. The barrenness of these contributions has been, on the whole, surprising. For almost all these professors and experts were obviously more intent not to give themselves away unnecessarily than to draw out the social implications of the drama in which they were called upon to play their minor parts. Hardly one of them seemed to realize that the Coal Commission is really a microcosm of the whole economic situation, or that there the various economic forces are meeting to do battle, or, if they can, to agree at least upon a provisional solution. It is not only the future of the coal industry that is in question: it is the future relations of workers to management, of workers and management to capital, and of workers, management, and capital to the community that are really the subjects of debate. In Germany they have had a Socialization Commission as well as a special Commission on the Coal Mines: our Coal Industry Commission, with some aid from the recent Industrial Conference, is doing the work of both. Mr. Smillie has challenged the royalty owners to appear and to justify their claims; probably he will follow that challenge with a similar challenge to the coal-owners also. The "feudal" rights of the royalty owner and the "capitalistic" rights of the mine-owner are both under examination: they must produce their justification now, or they will stand but a poor chance in the times ahead. For the Coal Commission is only a beginning: it represents the new temper of the leaders of Labor—a challenge to the claims of private property in the means to a healthy communal life. The case of the miners is only secondarily a claim for nationalization or even expropriation: it is above all a criticism of the existing industrial order—a criticism based on the conception of industry as a public service. This criticism has been immensely stimulated by the war, and also, incidentally, by the War Loans; it has been reinforced by the constant appeals of employers to workers to regard their work as a public service. It is the worker turning to his employer and answering that appeal by asking the question: "Well, do you treat industry as a national service?" If capital can prove its case on that basis, it will survive the ordeal; if not, the Coal Commission will be only the first of a long series at which the challenge will be ever stronger and more insistent. Organized Labor has grown very strong; organized Management is rapidly developing an articulate consciousness of its own. In face of these forces, the owner of capital can no longer assume that his claims are rights; he must put in his justification, or let his case go by default. This second stage of the Commission's proceedings will make clear which it is to be.

IN COMMUNIST HUNGARY.

BUDAPEST, April.

It is common form in the oratory and journalism of the West to identify Bolshevism with anarchy. The traveller who enters communist Hungary with that illusion is destined to a crescendo of disappointment. There is in Europe to-day no city more monotonously orderly than Budapest, and the stranger who expected confusion emerges in the end a little stifled by the oppressive order. The communism which prevails in Hungary reflects the later phases of the Russian Revolution. Its first principle is authority, and with all the enthusiasm of a new faith it is creating also a more than Roman discipline. The daily papers have been turned into gazettes which devote interminable columns to the edicts and legislation of the new Government. Page after page is filled with "orders" which regulate every phase of life from the distribution of boots to the repertoires of the theatre. Their tone is sharp, peremptory, threatening, and most of them contain a threat which has become a commonplace of communist style—that the least resistance will be punished with death. The official smiles as he pens the conventional words, for in point of fact, after three weeks of proletarian dictatorship, only one death sentence has been passed by the revolutionary tribunal, and even that has not been executed. There is no terror for there is no resistance. The essential difference between Russia and Hungary lies in the fact that the Hungarian proletariat was from the first united. There are no Mensheviks and no Social Revolutionaries in Hungary. The Social Democrats and the Communists fused their separate organizations at the moment of the revolution to form a united Socialist Party. The orthodox Socialists supplied the members, the Communists the driving force. The Radicals had already dissolved their party organization before the *coup d'état* and had rallied to the support of the Socialists. The other parties had been shattered by the catastrophic end of the war and the assassination of Count Tisza.

REVOLUTION INEVITABLE.

A social revolution was already inevitable, even before the Entente precipitated it by the insensate Note of Colonel Vix. Morally and materially the old order was bankrupt. The October revolution had ended the feudal rule of the magnates. Universal suffrage had come at last with Count Karolyi, and the long oppression of the subject nationalities was ended for all time. Magyar refugees from the occupied territories thronged the capital. Czechs, Serbs, and Rumanians held the richest corn lands, and the few coal mines of the Monarchy; the Czechs demanded the river mercantile fleet on which Budapest depended for transport. The winter passed in ever-growing want and despair. Looting and disorder were frequent in the country, and the Karolyi Government, with its patchwork compromises between Radicalism and Socialism, could supply no stimulus to the energies of a broken people. In its external situation Hungary had no choice. From the Entente it had learned that it could expect no consideration; it turned in despair to Russia. There was, however, a more potent psychological reason for the revolution. In the depths of despair the human instinct of self-preservation cried out for a new hope. Patriotism was a spring broken by the intolerable strain of the war. Religion was an official convention linked with the old feudalism and the capitalist era. In the prudent schemes of opportunist politicians who mixed a little reformist Socialism with middle-class Liberalism and the peasant view of land-ownership, there was no stimulus for mind or will. From the ruined past and the intolerable present, Hungary turned to communism because its will could recover health only in a gigantic effort of creation. There was nothing left that seemed worth conserving. Traditions, reverences, catch-words—they were all meaningless. Even of property there was little left to defend, for every man's wealth had shrunk by the fall of the Exchange

to a fifth of its old value. One party had an energetic belief. There survived no force which could oppose it.

GENERAL OBEDIENCE.

The amazing thing is that this new dictatorship, scattering orders so numerous that memory cannot cope with them, is everywhere obeyed. It has ruthlessly carried out its principles. Private property in all but the smaller forms of capital vanished in a night. It mattered little that the internal State Debt above a minimum figure was repudiated—its owners did not exaggerate the value of their scrip. Nor was the expropriation without compensation of industrial capital a catastrophic measure, for there are no old industrial families in Hungary, no numerous master class. The daring of the new administration was shown in its instant attack upon the conventions of daily life. It had to cope with urgent problems. Budapest was thronged with refugees and demobilized soldiers; some say that it had double its normal population. The Government instantly laid down the principle that every adult is entitled to one living room, and no family to more than three rooms, apart from the kitchen and rooms set apart for work. The homeless were promptly housed by local commissions, and in many a palace the inmates retired to the three rooms allowed to them by law. The British Labor Party announced as its motto at the last election "No cake for any till all have bread." The billeting plans of the Hungarian Government were a drastic application of that principle. In practice it was carried out with reasonable consideration. Friends and relatives were encouraged to live together. On the amusing plea that the bourgeois would corrupt honest workers, families of the same habits of life were grouped together. A professor of the University, with a family of three, had five large rooms. One was allowed him as a study, and the official who dealt with his case suggested to him that he should bring his secretary to inhabit the fifth room. Clothing was no less scarce than house room, and no new stocks could be imported. In each block of flats the tenants were required to elect trustees who must countersign their applications for new clothes or furniture and grant them only in case of actual need. Those who had excessive stocks of personal clothing had to give up their surplus. These are only a few instances of the drastic measures which the People's Commissioners adopted to deal with an abnormal condition of scarcity. They tell, on the whole, for the good of the greatest number. In nothing, perhaps, did the Commissioners act so firmly as in the instant and total prohibition of all alcoholic drink. There is no evasion of that command: Hungary is obediently "dry," and to this, even more than to the firmly disciplined Red Guards, Hungary owes the preservation of order.

COMMUNISM AND AGRICULTURE.

The test question for any form of Socialism in Hungary lies beyond the boundaries of the towns. They were ripe for the change. The younger peasants may have been shaken somewhat out of the conservatism of their class by the war, but the older peasants, half of them illiterate, clung tenaciously to the idea of private ownership. The former Government proposed to break up the vast feudal *latifundia* into small farms, and on Count Karolyi's own estate the partition had actually begun. Socialism could have no future outside the towns if that policy were carried out, for the peasants would necessarily form a preponderant conservative propertied class. Even before the Revolution the Socialists in some counties started an active campaign of education among the landless workers of the great estates. The argument was simple and convincing. One might divide the land, but one could not break up the immense model cattle sheds with their perfect equipment. I saw some of these estates in County Somogy. There was electric light and hygienic drainage in the byres; the workers' cottages had neither. Then if gains must be shared under communism so also would risks, and the Hungarian peasant has reason

to dread the sudden local storms of hail. He readily understood the case for communizing engines and steam-ploughs, and on one great estate near Kaposvar the laborers under the influence of the local Socialist Party themselves formed a Co-operative Society to work the estate as an alternative to sub-division. In any event, they realized that the end of March was no time for a destructive experiment, for the fields called for the sower. In the first days of the Revolution a plan of organization was rapidly worked out by the Commissioner for Agriculture, Dr. Hamburger, a country doctor with a high record for revolutionary courage, who stepped out of prison, like so many of his colleagues, to wield a dictator's power. On each great estate over 200 acres (the limit is only provisional, and may vary in each district) the entire staff is formed into a permanent society. The only condition of membership is the obligation to work at least 120 days in the year—a minimum which is intended to lure the owners of small "uneconomic" holdings into the agricultural guilds.

SOVIET FARMING.

The maintenance of the workers is a first charge upon the produce of the communal farm. Each family will receive a ration of grain, meat, dairy produce, and vegetables according to the number of its members. The surplus produce is then bought by the district central agricultural association, which is, in its turn, subordinate to a county association and to the Ministry. In these organizations are centralized the purchase of seeds, manures, machines, and the sale of produce to the town populations of Hungary. This centralization will make for economy and efficiency in all the industries subsidiary to agriculture, from the making of butter to the manufacture of beet sugar. It will be an obligation on the societies to expend half of each year's surplus on improvements—a term which covers the building of decent dwellings for the working members of the society as well as the purchase of machinery. The remaining half of the surplus is distributed in time-wages to the working members of the community and is the inducement which will stimulate them to work their best for as many days in the year as possible. I asked the opinion of a strongly individualistic leader of the local peasantry as to who had led the opposition to the Socialist Party. He summed up the view of the laborers as follows: "They care nothing for the theory or ideals of Socialism, but they are attracted by the promises of the leaders. At present they are disposed to work heartily and will give the experiment a chance. If these promises are kept, if they see new and healthy cottages built, if they get what they never had before, free medical attendance and well-organized schools, if they see that the former gains of the absentee capitalist landlord are flowing into their own pockets, they will remain firm supporters of the system." From a hostile but capable witness this was favorable testimony.

WORKERS' GUILDS.

The constitution of these rural workers' guilds reflects the wisdom hardly gained from the early experience of Bolshevik Russia. The autonomy of the workers allows them a certain initiative and control, but the final authority is the central bureaucracy. Each estate (they average 10,000 to 20,000 acres) elects its own workers' soviet, and this, in turn, chooses a managing committee of three. Side by side with this elected authority there is, however, a manager appointed by the district organization. He is usually the bailiff of the old aristocratic landlord. These men were experts, and against all the traditions of their class they have rallied to Socialism. Feudalism received its death-blow in the war. The alternative was the partition of the estates among the laborers. That would have meant the end of the stewards' profession, and to-day one may see these men, with their half-aristocratic, half-parasitic manners, wearing a red button in their coats, and serving their new masters with all their habitual correctitude. The steward has the right to veto the decisions of the elected authority, and all its plans and budgets go with his independent reports to the omnipotent central authority.

Agriculture in these vast estates is already a typical

modern industry, which dominated a rural proletariat by the power of its concentrated capital. This field is ripe for Socialization. Outside it lies the antique world of the peasant—a term which covers the small farmer who makes a living by the labor of his family from his own ten acres, and finally the struggling smallholder who gains a half-subsistence from his own inadequate plot, and ekes it out by his work as a hireling for richer men. Towards this intensely conservative peasant world the policy of Communist Hungary will be the minimum of interference. There will be in the villages no Socialization of houses or of land. The small owner will struggle on as before. If he is adaptable, he will himself create a voluntary co-operative system. If he is conservative he will fail to compete with the great industry of the Socialized estates. He will have to pay a fixed minimum wage for his hired labor, and if all goes well the attraction of life on these comfortable self-governing estates will raise the requirements of his hands. He will hardly survive this generation, but meanwhile the intention is that no village shall be "Socialized" until it calls for the change. The lesson of Russia has been learned. One cannot force the pace of a peasant's thinking. His mind, however, will be formed in the next generation in the village schools. They were the stronghold of the Church. They are now the advance-plots of the Socialist State.

INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION.

Industry has been re-organized on similar lines. Like the absentee landlord, the sleeping partner and the shareholder disappear. As a rule the capitalist, who himself conducted his own business, remains as a consulting expert at the maximum salary recognized by communism (3,000 kronen, or at the present exchange, about £15 a month). A People's Commissioner (Minister) receives no more. In mines and factories the workers elect their own soviet, as in the rural guilds. It is a small body with a maximum of seven members. It nominates a manager, but he receives his appointment from the Ministry of Production, which alone is competent to dismiss him. As in the country, so in these urban industries, this constitution shows a balance of authority. The workers have a vastly larger sphere of self-government than the most liberal form of capitalism allowed, but the final authority lies with the State. There is no risk that the extravagant period of self-indulgence which ruined industry in the early days of Russian communism will be repeated in Hungary. There it is undoubtedly intelligence which rules. I visited a great factory at Budapest which makes electric lamps, telephones, and telegraphic apparatus. The soviet consists of three scientific and four manual workers. The manager was a former engineer of the works, a man obviously of ability and good sense. Three former directors were employed as consultative experts. All the infinitely skilful work of this vast organism went on as before, with this difference, however, on which workmen and managers both insisted, that men and women alike worked with more spirit, more conscience, more honesty, because they felt that they were "working for themselves," and no longer for an exploiter.

SCHOOLMASTERS UNDER BOLSHEVISM.

After three weeks one cannot yet speak of the achievements of Hungarian communism; one can only describe its plans. Of these the most ambitious centre round education. The Minister, Dr. Lukacs, a former lecturer in philosophy of Heidelberg, combines imagination with courage. He means to achieve this immense end, that culture shall cease to be the privilege of a class. The drudges of the old world, the teachers, have suddenly become the most honored servants of the State, and even the village schoolmaster will receive the maximum salary of 3,000 crowns a month. The school age will be raised to sixteen and presumably to eighteen years, and every boy and girl will have such further education, technical or scientific, as his capacity may merit. Dr. Lukacs hopes to recruit his corps of teachers from the ranks of the academically educated men and women, especially the lawyers, whom the revolution has placed temporarily among the unemployed. Meanwhile, he is organizing courses which will enable the more capable adult manual

workers to fit themselves for scientific work. One year will be spent at the charge of the State in completing their general education, and thereafter they will follow specialized courses in engineering, architecture, or chemistry. The intention is to break down even in this generation the barrier which has confined the proletariat to the routine work of his craft. Artists whose achievement deserves the distinction, by a vote of a college of their peers, will be maintained at the public charge to continue their productive work. Pictures of high merit in private ownership have been "Socialized," and four hundred of them added to the nation's collections.

SOCIALIZED THEATRES.

The theatres and even the cinemas are also Socialized, and Dr. Lukacs has boldly suppressed the more trivial type of performance and raised the standard of the Budapest repertoires, while lowering the price of the seats to workmen. Two plays by Bernard Shaw were being acted while I was in Budapest, and both of them were crowded. The policy of the Government is to please the masses by offering them the fullest satisfaction of their aesthetic capacities. The amazing and creditable thing is that in music and in the theatre it insists on a high standard, which the untrained mass will certainly find exacting. Here, too, there is work for the expropriated class. I found myself one afternoon in a company which included a big landowning nobleman and three ladies of the same class. They bore their reverses with remarkable spirit, and took pride in recounting their successes in looking for "honest" work. One of the ladies had found it as a musician, and another as a translator. The third was already teaching in a State school and professed herself an ardent communist.

THE METHOD OF ELECTION.

This picture of Hungary in the first weeks of social revolution would be false if it failed to emphasize the fact that the Government is an unmixed Dictatorship. There is no liberty. There is no democracy. The old newspapers all continue to appear, but they all play the correct official tune. No criticism, even of details, is tolerated, and even in the churches priests and pastors are forbidden to touch on politics. It is true that an election has been held to constitute the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils. The franchise included every productive worker, manual or intellectual, with women occupied in the household tasks of their families. A large percentage of those who voted used in the old days to rank in the "middle class." Excluded were all who do no productive work, all who live by the toil of others, and (rather strangely) the clergy. Work in the Socialist State is the only source of value, and communism has its own political adaptation of the Pauline maxim: if a man will not work neither shall he vote. The exclusion tells harshly only where it strikes at the small farmer, the small shopkeeper, or the owner of a little workshop, who all work as managers, though they also employ and usually exploit others. The franchise is, however, only a temporary grievance; this excluded class will soon be absorbed in the general body of workers. What admits of no defence is the method of election. In each district from sixty to eighty members had to be chosen. The lists were prepared by the Socialist Party caucus, and though one might strike out names, this permission was of no practical use. Rival lists were rarely presented, and even then offered only a narrow choice. The voting was by districts, not by factories, and on the majority, not the proportional, system. Of course, the official list everywhere triumphed. It would have been an honest course to allow the party to nominate the soviets without the pretence of an election. A temporary Dictatorship of this type may be defended as a necessary expedient during a sharp, brief crisis. It will destroy Hungary, intellectually and morally, if it is continued for more than a very few months. It is not, in fact, so much the "dictatorship of the proletariat," as the dictatorship of a single party, which happens to be the one political organization in Hungary that has survived the war. A country which has never known even a distant approach to democracy does not resent this system

as a Western people would do. There is certainly no force outside the Socialist Party which can overthrow it. The landlords and capitalists lack the numbers; the peasants have neither the arms nor the organization. If freedom is to emerge in the near future, it can only come by a determined effort from within the armed, disciplined ranks of the Socialist Party itself.

CONSTRUCTIVE ORDER.

This hasty sketch of an immense effort is based on the firm belief that Communism, as I have seen it in Hungary, is a principle of constructive order, which errs rather on the side of excessive authority than on the side of anarchy. Its makers are men of action, who have taken into partnership with them some thinkers and students whose ability and disinterestedness no one questions. The test of the system will be in its ability to work—at first without adequate public criticism—an immense governing machine, efficiently and without corruption. For the moment it promises well. The energy, the faith, the will are there. Two able men, one of them a historian of European repute, the other a statesman of equal note—both, in the old days, opponents of Socialism—said to me almost in the same words, "The era of capitalism is over in Eastern Europe: it can never be restored." Bela Kun may have his success as Dictator. The Socialist Party may evolve in various tendencies. But, *short of a violent external intervention*, the great estates, the large factories, and the banks are as little likely as the posts and the railways, to revert to private ownership. At a heavy cost to liberty and with much inevitable hardship to individuals, the immense transformation has been achieved, without disorder, by a single stroke. If freedom is eclipsed for a moment, the destruction of the capitalist system makes for the first time in a modern State the only condition under which real freedom is conceivable, whether for the will or for the intellect. Hungary builds upon ruins, but the authors of the destruction were the makers of the war. To chaos and despair a living idea has brought the stimulus of a creative hope.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

WITH all his willingness to consult the Micawber-like instinct of the present House, Mr. Chamberlain failed to make even a first-night success of his facile and procrastinating Budget statement. Yet, obviously enough, it contained much of the stock material of a flashy Imperialistic oration in the old style—Cobdenism's downfall, an impending repeal of the hated "Limehouse" land taxes accelerated by a light-hearted recantation on the part of their repentant author; and, generally, a compendious bonfire of democratic economic principles, with the assumed approval of the country at large. Unfortunately for his oratorical repute, Mr. Chamberlain, in the presence of colleagues who still call themselves Liberals, felt constrained to press lightly on those themes, and, indeed, had to make some pretence of discreet regret at the slowness of his incursion into Protectionism, thus marring the effect of the whole performance in the eyes of the majority of the Coalition. Even so, certain passages in the speech might be hailed as encouraging to the hypothesis that the more contentious parts of the scheme had probably not issued from the Cabinet. In any event it was not the most happily chosen moment for Mr. Chamberlain's furtive greeting to Mr. Churchill as the mere Janus of a Ministry, most of the members of which are supposed rather to pride themselves on possessing, like Milton's cherubim, "four faces each."

THE great event in London this week, however, the centre to which all our eyes were turned, was not the Budget. I think very few have bothered much about that inevitable shock. The few who did—apart from the journalists who are forced by ill-luck to a steady attention to what they dislike, but which they must solemnly pretend to understand—the few who did reflect upon the Budget were conscious that to witness an unfortunate man trying pitifully to obtain refreshment with a perforated bucket from an empty well, was one from which those with the instincts of gentlemen should avert their eyes. No. Not the Budget. Quite properly, Miss Asquith's romantic wedding next door; with a Prince for a bridegroom, a blue carpet through an avenue of ardent well-wishers, and the occasion so popular that even one like Bernard Shaw—who is always late for church—was left in the porch. Happy Youth with its future is better as a spectacle, better to think over, than that of Age presenting the account of its long career of infatuated blunders and consequential ruin. The public instinct is right again.

THOUGH some of us are free to wish that, though its great heart is pure, the public would at times remind itself that the head also has its uses, and might, if worked in time, secure for us more of what bright and generous youth could provide, and less of the wreckage accruing from the crafty fear of age and its jealousy for its continued power. Take those military parades—such as that of a week ago—through our central thoroughfares, which now are threatened us as a regular weekly treat. Londoners were certainly keenly interested in the lean faces and slightly sardonic looks of the Australians. Those men had all the look of confident and highly active fighters, but not the remotest suggestion of what the militarists would like to have. Overhead was a startling display by a large number of aeroplanes among chimneys and through telegraph wires. Why? Do the soldiers want these promenades and sensations? Ask them. They've too much sense. More, many of the soldiers feel it is an unpleasant imposition. They know that most of the men who deserve the show of our gratitude will never know we feel it; and their widows and mothers are hardly aware it exists.

THERE is Mrs. Savage, for example. I have been waiting for the press to comment on the case of her unlucky husband. It is too late now to expect that the comment will come, though the press was ecstatic enough over the military procession. But the affair of Private Savage of the Labor Corps—the other end of last Saturday's procession, as it were—was as shocking an exposure of the imbecility of militarism as one could find. A man of forty is taken away from his family and compelled to do what he is not fit for and is too old to learn. He deserts. He is sentenced to years of penal servitude, though the war for liberty (some of the posters are still on the walls) is over. On his way to a convict prison, this late honest tradesman is led by chance near his London home, where there is a new baby he has not seen, and it is likely may never see. He acts stupidly (considering the power of the State, which is us), but he acts naturally; and runs. Yet a member of the escort, another soldier with a rifle but valvular disease of the heart, cannot run. So he aims at the feet of Savage; and hits him in the back. Savage dies, his death really the consequence of his natural instinct as a husband and father. The distracted jury, victims also of the lunacy of Society, like the dead man, like Mrs. Savage, like the soldier with a rifle but a diseased heart, like the coroner, puts the last straw in the

disordered hair of our lunacy, and names it "justifiable homicide." Savage, however, was done to death by you and me. And the imperialistic and flamboyant Winston at the War Office can be fairly sure that we are weary of him, of his militarists, and of all their militarism, and that we are apprehending dimly that their pomp and circumstance so far from being resplendent is the most grotesque imposture which ever deceived the confiding and simple-minded. We do not want Saturday sensations. We want a rule of common-sense, a little quietude, and to be let alone. So, even more, do the soldiers.

HAVING passed in the quadrangle of Burlington House a heroic equestrian figure which gets its due because it is simply impossible to avoid seeing it, one feels fairly sure that this year's Academy will prove, like most else, that though things alter, they do not change. Somewhere in the distance, as you go up the stairs, you see a piece of pretty sky with an unmistakable aeroplane blotting out much of its niceness; "one of ours." That fixes this exhibition with its right place, so far as time is concerned. It is after the war. But what has the artist brought through the war to show that it has given him a finer vision? Nothing can be reported here. There are a few rather funny symbolic pictures of the tragedy. There are more than a few illustrations of episodes of the war, and assortments from munition factories—belts, gearing, red-hot metal, machines, and people doing their bit, showing us how it was done.

THERE is one picture there of war, however, which the more it is looked at, the more one feels that mind is in it, looking seriously to the future; Sargent's big canvas, "Gassed." Its immediate effect is like that of the alarm signal of "gas" at the front. At first you wonder what the fuss is about. There is nothing to show for it. But presently, looking at the picture, you begin to understand that those men heaped and sprawling over a wide area, are blind; and again that they are in such numbers that they cannot yet be attended to. Two processions of other blinded soldiers are passing to the ambulances, keeping touch with each other, and guided by a few R.A.M.C. comrades. This picture indeed is a terrible indictment by an artist; yet at first sight it does not look more than a finely balanced and pleasing composition. Beyond the groups and masses of the stricken you notice, before turning away, some other soldiers playing football.

THE landscapes are many and pleasing. They are the feature of the show. There is an attempt at spring, at renaissance, often with an exuberant release of color. But somehow one feels the new birth is sparse, untimely, and chill, like this week's blizzards among the orchards. Do not miss a portrait, No. 22, by Orpen. Nor a marble bust of Anatole France by Maurice Favre. I think Julius Olsson's "A Lame Duck in the Channel," is the best of the many sea-scapes.

THE door of the dock-side tavern burst outwards, and a figure was flung into the roadway. Two eye-witnesses continued to smoke, regarding the disreputable prostrate form with cool indifference.

First Eye-witness: "What's 'e done again?"

Second ditto: "Well, only *look* at 'im. I expect 'e was made a blessed peer last night for something or other, and the landlord is *very* particular."

CARETAKER.

Life and Letters.

THOSE CLASSICS.

It was our hope to create a new world. Upon that hope our finest spirits fixed their hearts when they went out to die, and throughout the long agony of the war that hope enabled many to endure. Much trumpery and rotten lumber would surely be swept away, and wide spaces of life be left open to the wind and newly-risen sun. It was the noblest hope, and, for the sake of all who suffered, it remains for us to justify it. Something has been accomplished. Many Emperors, Kings, Hereditary Princes, Grand-Dukes, and Courts have gone, with all their trumpery. A poisonous accumulation of servile habits, unworthy honors, and tawdry conventions has been carted away like rotten lumber. The mighty have been put down from their seat. Daring experiments are being tried. In some cases those who have been exalted are the humble and meek. Here and there the changes are so unaccustomed that circumspect people draw back shivering. But month after month since November, it has become more evident that the danger does not lie in change, but in continuance. Month after month we have seen all the old curses of militarism, secret diplomacy, censorship, suppression, and international malice continued or renewed. This is not the new world we promised to the young who died for it, nor is this the shining vision of a "reconstructed" life.

Of all the possible objects in "reconstruction," education is the most vital. The word has a dismal sound—almost as dismal as Economics—perhaps because we seldom wish to revive recollections of our own childhood, or because the subject is difficult and does not appear to concern us much. We do not wish to return to the nursery or the schoolroom, and we feel that Education is a deadly abstract manner of dealing with a child—the most lively, concrete, and diverse being of creation. Discussions on Education are so dreary, so statistical and platitudinous that, as Matthew Arnold said, in the heart of any child of nature who has strayed into one there is nothing but lamentation and woe. None the less (to be platitudinous ourselves), upon Education the whole future depends, for under Education should be included all the sciences of birth, nourishment, health, bodily training, mental development, and the gradual formation of character. All the possibilities of man's energies, virtues, happiness, and delight in life fall under this one head, and in comparison with Education, nothing counts when we contemplate the coming world. If, then, we would escape the horrors of the past, the greatest of all changes must be in Education, and it is there that continuance is most to be dreaded.

It is there also that continuance is most likely and most tempting. Middle-aged and elderly people acquire an enviable habit of thinking that no one could possibly be much better than themselves, and that, consequently, what was good enough for them must be good enough for everybody. There is the further temptation of all teachers, not so much to know what they teach as to teach what they know. It is a temptation into which it is almost useless praying not to be led. Few are the teachers who possess the adventurous industry to accompany their pupils into regions of knowledge undiscovered by themselves; and few have the courage of the master who confessed, "Of this subject I know nothing; I have not even taught it." A man who has spent years in mastering Greek particles and irregular verbs will naturally teach Greek particles and irregular verbs as essential to education. A man who has joined a class of sixty in chanting the multiplication table as sing-song, will suppose that to chant the multiplication table as sing-song with sixty others is a genuine method of educating the human soul. And so it happens that, densely conservative as our country is in every habit, it is most conservative in the teaching which is usually identified with Education.

So for many reasons we must be specially on our guard when schemes of educational reconstruction are

laid before us, lest they are the same old guys, dressed up anew. We notice, for instance, that the Ministry of Reconstruction has just issued a pamphlet entitled "The Classics in British Education" (Reconstruction Problems 21), in which the advantages of teaching the Greek and Latin languages to the young are very persuasively and judiciously set forth. To those who need no persuasion, the conclusions are conclusive. But just for that reason it is they who should be most upon their guard. The present writer, for instance, feels himself exposed to all the temptations and prejudices above mentioned. He has not only taught Greek and Latin; he once learnt them. He not only once learnt Greek and Latin; he never learnt anything else. In his old school the masters taught Greek because they had been at the school, and Greek had been taught there for three centuries. There was Latin, too; and up to the sixth form the time was equally divided between the two languages. But Latin, as being easier and rather more connected with modern life, never ranked so high, and the boys turned to it with the relief felt by most men when the ladies rise from the dinner-table. For it was the unconscious rule of ancient tradition that of two subjects, the more difficult was the better worth learning, provided always that both were entirely useless. The school breathed Greek, and through its ancient buildings a Greek wind blew. To enter the dim, panelled chamber which the upper-sixth used as a study was to become a scholar. Winged iambs fluttered through the air; they hung like bats along the shelves, and the dust fell in Greek particles. The school has now been removed to another site, and its grey and storied stone is exchanged for cheerful brick. That old chamber has become the housekeeper's parlor in some citizen's dwelling. But on the hearthstone at eventide beside her petticoats squats the imperishable Lar, real as a rat though not so formidable, and murmurs iambs to himself.

By anyone nurtured upon such traditions, much prejudice has to be overcome, and every plea for the retention of the Classics as an essential part of modern education must be regarded with remorseless suspicion. He must not be led away by his own desire to believe the reasons so attractively urged in the pamphlet. When the pamphlet maintains that "if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that the Allies won the war because their moral ideals were higher than those of Germany," he should reflect that, however certain that may be, it does not follow that the high ideals of the Allies originated in a study of the Classics; for indeed the percentage of the German population which has studied Greek and Latin is probably far higher than the percentage of the British, French, or American populations. When the pamphlet tells him that one of the vital lessons of the war is the importance of training all sections of the community to realize that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul; "nay, more, that he cannot gain the whole world if he lose his own soul"; the Classical scholar must reflect that wisdom has no desire to gain the whole world, and the thought of gaining it can be no wise inducement to saving one's soul. When the pamphlet exclaims about the numbers who in the war found comfort, wisdom, and strength in the literature of Greece, he must more calmly calculate that the number, though large, cannot certainly have exceeded one-half per cent. When the pamphlet urges that the history of Greece and Rome supplies useful historic parallels for the present day, he must recall the saying of Seeley, himself a Professor of History: "When I hear a man say 'History teaches us,' I say to myself, 'That man is going to tell a lie,' and he always does." When the pamphlet quotes the eloquent words of Professor Bateson that the ideal education "should bring all into contact with beauty as seen first in literature, ancient and modern," the Classical scholar will remember that beauty cannot be taught except to those who of themselves perceive it, and they are few. When the pamphlet points out the insufficiency of translations, especially in poetry, he will reflect that a recent translation of a poet—of a Greek poet who, for centuries, had been regarded as an easy text-book for boys and little more—has for

the first time revealed the greatness of that poet even to scholars. When the pamphlet tells him that "Experience has shown in the past that a classical education is an excellent discipline of character," he will look back upon his own school days and remember that, for effect upon his character, the important thing was not the subject taught, but the man who taught it, and that man alone. Happy indeed was he if he found one such man among the many!

The Classical scholar, then, to whom Hellenic thought and history have been the very breath of life, will become ruthless against himself when he reads such pleas for the Classics; all the more ruthless because he longs to accept them. He will reflect that, in spite of all his Classical training, he may possibly not be the model man himself. He will reflect that hardly one per cent. of the boys, even at his own beloved school, cared twopence for the beauty of the books they had to grind at; that everything in education depends on the teacher, and that a good teacher might possibly have roused his interest even in chemistry or mathematics; that French and even German are not despicable or barbaric accomplishments; that even physicists are sometimes capable of judging evidence; that a right judgment in all things may, perhaps, be nourished on modern history; and that a good deal is to be said for Futurist or Bolshevik destruction of all tradition and all ancient examples of art or wisdom. This he will do, and yet somewhere in his heart will be hidden a quiet shrine in which the Greek gods, and they alone, are still secretly worshipped, and whence breathes the unconscious inspiration of all his being. He will recognize that for the incalculable majority of men and women this peculiar form of worship may be neither desired nor desirable, and that there is not the smallest reason why he should wish other people to be in the least like himself, but rather the contrary. And yet when he considers that in this country there may be, perhaps, as many as one boy or one girl per thousand to whom a knowledge of Greek might have been of equal value as to himself, but remained an unknown impossibility because poverty prevented it, then he realizes the hideous, the atrociously cruel significance of the sentence in the pamphlet which says that Greek and Latin should not remain the special preserve of one social class in the community. "The Classics," it goes on, "and especially Greek, should be the possession, not of the social aristocracy of the country, but of the intellectual aristocracy. There is no reason why this intellectual aristocracy should be confined to the comparatively wealthy." Unhappily, there is a reason, and it is that the children of the working people leave school just at the age when the children of the comparatively wealthy are going to the school where, if anywhere, they may hope to join that intellectual aristocracy; and no system of "bridges" or scholarships, no average of three-quarters-of-an-hour a day thrown in somewhere as schooling will ever compensate for the enormity of that difference.

INTERNMENT YEARS.

I ARRIVED late at night, under escort, and not knowing where I had come to. I remember only great doors with cavernous archways and clanging keys in the darkness. Someone—I know later it was the Governor—perfunctorily sounded my chest, and asked if I had anything the matter with me. Someone else led me, half dazed, into an enormous kitchen, a very cave of darkness, lit only by the red glimmer of embers in a distant stove. I was given warm milk in a cup, and we passed up two flights of stone steps to a long corridor. A cell was unlocked for my entering and locked again. Presently the Matron came with a small suit-case containing things I required for the night; it had been examined and I might have it. She went, and locked the door behind her.

A gas-light thrown in from the outside through a small square of glass burned in my eyes all night. All night, at frequent intervals, night wardresses peeped through the spy-hole: the stuffiness, heat, and glare of the light, the sense of terrible finality, were intolerable;

sleep was impossible. At length a great bell clanged, footsteps approached; keys jangled; the light was put out; the door noisily unlocked and thrown open. A wardress bade me "Good morning"; it was six o'clock. The inrush of cool air was grateful; I closed my eyes. Another wardress looked in and said something about breakfast. I waited for it to be brought. Instead she came again and told me it was ready in the "recreation" room. I got up quickly, threw on a wrapper, and found at the end of the stone corridor a large, bare, square room, with two kitchen tables, some forms, and half-a-dozen kitchen chairs. At one of the tables, in a blue dressing-gown, drinking tea, sat a German, fair-haired and pleasing, with limpid blue eyes. On the table, and evidently intended for me, was a piece of bread with a slice of margarine on the top, a black-handled knife, a tin spoon with spiked edge, a thick white cup, saucer, and plate, and a smeary, handleless tin containing milk. Anything more uninviting, more desolating at seven o'clock in the morning, or indeed at any time, can hardly be imagined. All the dreariness, the degradation, the deprivation, the futility, the hopelessness of prison seemed concentrated in that sordid array.

The day passed. I sat on the table in that gaunt room, watching through the iron-barred window the great brick gateway through which all who entered from the outside world must pass. My companion told me she had sat thus for a fortnight, watching, waiting for the bearer of her order for release—at first with calm certainty that each day was the last, then hopefully, then with clutching, incredulous fears, followed by a desperate impatience, and at last with the stupor of despair that takes no account of days and hours. She watched again with me and went through the same drama. This afternoon one of us would certainly hear something; when the London train came in some one would be coming. Well then, to-morrow morning; perhaps not this week now, but certainly the beginning of next. And always with us, watchful, sympathetic, adamant, with the unvarying answer of "I don't know" to every question, sat a patient wardress.

Nearly two months later hope flamed once more ere it died. It was our last Sunday together and in prison. On the morrow we were going before an Advisory Committee. All would now be explained; the delay in inquiry owing to the urgencies of war was now over; to-morrow we should be free, and would not even return to fetch the few things, which could be sent after us, or even—and this was the utmost a tremulous, expectant, new-risen hope would concede—if we did return for reasons of official red-tape, it could only be for two or three days at most. In any case, this was our last Sunday, and in its honor we celebrated a queer little Passover, not late, in haste, but leisurely, with half-spoken confidences and understandings, and tales re-told over a cheery, home-like first fire of autumn. And—we were going home! So we chose macaroons and sugared dainties with happy deliberation from a bag of mixed biscuits, and lingered over the fragrant coffee a kindly officer managed to get made and brought up to us. Alas! we were both to be "interned" for more Sundays than I care to count.

But if the days dragged on in impotent bewilderment and suspense, the hot September nights were insufferable in the airlessness of the narrow cell. Only two tiny panes, about five inches by four, had been left glassless, and the concession was due, I was told, to the efforts of Suffragettes. We were locked in every day of that glorious, golden autumn at 6.30, and lay the long night, fighting through throbbings of suffocation all the suicidal despairs and dementias of demoralised humanity which seemed almost visibly to haunt every cell in that house of misery. At that time, too, fearful raucous shrieks of some half-insane prisoner in another wing, raving with steady, dehumanised persistence, not infrequently broke the stillness, and seemed in the fevered atmosphere a horrible portent of one's own fate. To one accustomed to sleep in the open, and always at all seasons to wide-flung windows, there is no punishment so senseless or so hurtful as the nightly deprivation of a sufficiency of air. I petitioned for a gate, and after

three months an iron one was brought and fixed in front of my cell, and locked at night instead of the door. How great was the relief of that first night of comparative airiness! Yet it is not a pleasant thing to be a human being caged like a beast.

Many months later it happened that the boiler was under repair, and we had to go for baths to a small building in our exercise yard called "The Penal." It was a place of punishment for insubordinate prisoners. The bathroom was on the ground floor. One day, by some mischance, I was locked in the building and forgotten. Having had my bath, I began to examine the place, and was looking with some curiosity into the row of dark, empty cells with their double doors and white-washed walls, when I heard a voice calling me softly. I ran quickly upstairs, and at the far end of the landing, locked in a cell, with an iron gate like mine, I found an old woman. She looked very old, with white dishevelled hair, and wrinkled face. She put her hand through the bars and clutched mine; muttered she had been there five years; that they were trying to drive her mad, and couldn't I bring her some cigarettes. Whether the poor thing could even count the years I do not know. Her cell on that upper landing was brighter and more comfortable than most. She did not seem to be physically ailing; the wrinkled face was rosy, but I can never forget the terrible impression made by that old grey-haired woman thrusting her skinny hand through the bars.

As the place filled up the earlier rules were gradually dropped. We could go into the exercise ground unattended, and when we liked. Soon after my visit to the Advisory Committee I was allowed to buy such scribbling and sketching materials as I needed, and ten official letter papers were given out weekly. Previously I had been locked in my cell with paper, pen, and ink, and these were all removed by the officers when my letter was written. The hour for bed was finally extended to half-past nine, and after prolonged agitation the cell doors were left open all night. A stove was put on each landing, and we did our own cooking.

It is hardly possible for those who were interned after the management had become regulated and restrictions relaxed to imagine the mental paralysis—the impotence—of the earlier time. I received nothing but kindness from the Matron, but she was powerless in a net of inhibitions. "D.O.R.A." had caught us, but no one seemed to know exactly what to do with us. Not convicted, we served an indefinite sentence. Not under criminal penalties, we were under prison regulations. No charge had been brought against any one of the miscellaneous collection of women, chiefly German, gathered up and dumped down together there. So that neither to ourselves nor to the unfortunate officials to whose care we were committed, were we in any known category of fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring.

It was round the cooking stoves the fiercest battle raged. Our little world duly reflected in distorted and even more virulent degree the Armageddon of the great world outside. Only here the fighting was all hand to hand. There were no reliefs and retirements; you lay cheek by jowl with your enemy in the same trench. Here Belgian fought German, and German fought German in all the intensity of civil war. Socialist against Junker; Labor against Capitalist; Anarchist indiscriminately against all. Each in turn verbally annihilating and annihilated, amid the clash of kettles and the wreck of pots.

All types, all classes, all costumes, jostled each other in the corridor, or waited impatiently to take their turn at the washing-up sink. Here the woman with the smart tailored skirt and shirt, coiffured head, trim ankles, and patent leather shoes, eyed superciliously her with the dingy, faded wrapper and flying hair who shuffled along in gouty slippers; or looked askance at the indecorum of a silk pyjama-suit in vivid emerald, a long black plait swinging coquettishly down the back, though progress was rather impeded by the flip-flop down-at-heel slippers in which the barefeet were thrust. These, however, gave way to the owner of a magnificent fur coat, ending a little ignominiously in a somewhat inadequate petticoat which betrayed the tell-tale flannel pyjamas bulging over stout

walking-boots. Not everywhere could one find a young Grecian goddess washing pots in a dirty sink at nine o'clock in the morning, a string of pearls subtly calling attention to the curves of her beautiful neck. One guiding principle was hers, and may be expressed briefly as "All that thou hast is mine." She was young, but she adorned the oldest profession in the world, and laughed at changing it for another; for she could give licence to all the wit, cunning, adaptability, beauty, audacity, obscenity, and charity of her nature.

For one summer the door on each landing leading to the emergency staircase outside was left open. From my fortunate upper landing, I used to sit whole days on the topmost step—a respite from the pitched battles of the stove and the guerilla warfare of the corridors—and look far over the ugly red brick prison walls to a distant highway thrown in relief against a background of elms. It was the one glimpse of the outer world. Sometimes the rattle of drums called me to watch a brown ribbon of khaki wind past, or flushes of white and pink dotted the green as girl cyclists shot by in the summer evenings; and all through the day the dear, familiar music of the one, two, three, four, of horses' hoofs. One trot I always recognised, and used to listen for its slow, loping seven-miles-an-hour. No syncopated time here—as too many of these poor, lame, rejected-for-military-service ones betrayed—but easy and even as a four-year-old. His white form silhouetted against the dark hedge seemed to proclaim him an animal hero of the hunting field—too old to carry his master to victory on the battle-fields of France or Flanders, but still proud to do his bit between the shafts of a humble luggage cart.

There were two great events of each week-day, the arrival of the daily papers, when each rushed for her own and then foregathered into her respective clan of Boche or Entente to triumph in victory or to explain defeat; and the giving out of letters. No one who has not been in prison knows all a letter really is and means. It may contain no news, nothing of interest. It may be but half-a-dozen lines, it may be but the sheet of paper a friend has handled, the few hastily scribbled words, the living token of comradeship from that magical "outside"—and the whole world is changed for the captive. And how dreary, how lonely were the long days when we were forgotten!

H. M. H.

Short Studies.

DIANA OF THE EAVES.

It was a beautiful web that hung in my window. The suspension cords on one side were over a yard in length; the web, which hung nearer the roof of the lower building, must have been over eighteen inches in diameter.

How could a spider have succeeded in bridging the space, over a twenty foot drop, between the two buildings? Had she had the intelligence to run round the three sides of a square, formed by the two wings and the main building, and to choose that spot opposite her point of departure to fasten a cord she had spun on the way?

The lower attachments were an easy matter, for immediately under the web a window which opened outwards had given her support. But this double anchorage on a gutter more than three feet above the web and an equal distance north of it, was a mystery.

The wind was treating the fabric roughly, and as I pondered the matter the web was torn from its moorings and fell sagging to the wall. It was not wholly lost, however, for the spider rushed out from her ambush under the eaves, caught it, and gathered it in, armful by armful, as a washer-woman does a large sheet from the line. She left not one thread, but, hugging the mass, retreated with it in her arms.

What would she do with so damaged an article? I did not guess it, but she must have spent the morning eating it,

after the habit of her race, as I found out later; for when calm followed the storm she was supplied with silk to make another.

Chancing to look out at the right moment I saw Madame—her size denoted her sex—drop off the edge of the gutter; she fell only a few feet and then was up her line, spinning as she went. Reaching the eaves she sat down and waited. Nature was to play a part. The long loop floated in the current of air from below, which was so slight as to be imperceptible to me. It was wafted higher and higher until it caught on the opposite gutter, and the gulf was bridged.

The work of spinning must have proceeded rapidly; being unfortunately called away at the moment I saw nothing of it. When I returned an hour or two later I found Madame ensconced with her legs outstretched in the centre of a web as large and as perfect as the first.

Examining her handsome markings of tan and deepest brown velvet through a magnifying glass, I caught the flash of eyes that gleamed like live coals. They were of low vision, exquisite though they were, for she took no notice of the head of a golf club though it was approached to within two inches of her. Her indifference to the world seemed supreme, but it was only simulated, for at that moment a fly flew into the web, and with a spring she was on it before it had time to make one effort to free itself from the sticky strands. Seizing it in her hind legs she turned it, rapidly swathing it in the silky tissue which now came like a spray from her spinnerets. Never was bobbin wound more quickly. Satisfied with the trussing, she gave her prey a bite to stop its struggles, and holding it, dropped off the web, but not into space; though she had leapt so swiftly to the chase she had had the forethought to spin a line as she went, with an attachment at the centre of the web, and mounting this she returned to her "feeling floor."

Hanging her capture in her larder, she once more took her station with her eight sensitive legs outstretched upon the radiating lines where they would report the slightest vibration in any part of the web. Of what use would far-seeing eyes be to her?

Wondering if she would attack an inanimate object in the same way, I threw into the net a pellet of paper. She was on it in a flash as she had been on the fly, but detected its nature at once, and placing a foot on the thread of the web, stretched it until the opening was wide enough for her to draw the pellet through without damage to the fabric, and holding it daintily in her hind legs kicked it off into space.

When tea-time came, she took down her victim, and burying her jaws in one vulnerable part of his body after another, sucked him dry, throwing his carcass out of the web when she had finished.

So game came, was captured, hung in the larder or devoured, and the light of an electric torch revealed Madame on her feeling floor, still ready to pounce, long after dark. Had she realized when choosing that spot for her web that a light would shine as a beacon to hovering insects from the window behind it? She had proved herself so wise in other ways that one was almost inclined to believe it possible.

Next morning the web was heavy with dew, and the spider was nowhere in sight. Peeping under the eaves I saw her in her ambush, her foot on the telegraph wire that led straight to the centre of the web and connected her with every spoke. Presently she came out and seemed to scan the jewelled web with anxiety. Using the telegraph line as a bridge over the adhesive threads of the web, she ran to the centre. Turning to each spoke she picked it, giving it the touch a harpist gives the strings of his instrument. Was she trying to shake off the moisture that the sun was too slow in evaporating?

Selecting a head of game from her larder, she retreated with it to her ambush and began breakfast; a meal I rudely interrupted by throwing a pellet of paper into the web. She appeared on the instant, but being at a greater distance from the seat of commotion than she had been the evening before when I tried the experiment, she had time to become aware that the vibration a struggling insect would have caused was absent. She paused before she reached the centre, and being satisfied that there was no live thing in the web she returned to her repast. I made a further effort to trick her; a large fly of a family which presumes to mimic the garb of a wasp lay dead on the window-ledge. His wings, long, slender,

and beautiful, were erect as in life, and his antennae had an alert expression; throwing him into the web I shook it gently with a wire. The ruse succeeded in part. Madame ran to the centre and made for the prey, but drew off when it failed to struggle in her clutches. She remained some time in contemplation, then returned to her ambush; but she was uneasy and went down to make another investigation; then, stretching the mesh, she pulled the cadaver through the net and cast him away, for dead game does not interest her—the victim must be alive as she sucks it—that is why her poisonous fangs paralyze instead of killing; to her it was mere refuse, an eyesore in the web.

MARY GRANVILLE.

Communications.

THE FRENCH SOCIALIST CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The National Congress of the French Socialist Party, held in Paris last week, was the first held since 1914 in normal conditions. By the rules of the party the number of delegates and mandates allotted to each departmental Federation at a National Congress or Council is in proportion to its membership for the preceding year, but during the war this rule has been set aside and the membership of 1913 has been taken as a basis of representation. It was by this means alone that the old "majoritaires" retained the control of the party for so long, for the small rural sections, reduced to a few old men who were naturally *jusqu'au boutistes*, were over-represented, and the sections in the industrial districts, which greatly increased in numbers during the war and were mostly "minorities," were under-represented. Moreover, the federations of the invaded departments—one of which, that of the Nord, is the second largest in France—were represented only by a handful of refugees in Paris, who between them disposed of hundreds of mandates. Last week the representation was based on the membership of 1918 in accordance with the rules, but the federations of the late invaded departments were allowed half the representation to which their membership of 1914 entitled them. This fact increases the significance of the decisions arrived at by the Congress. For the first time delegates from the three Socialist federations of Alsace-Lorraine were present; they announced in advance that, although they would express their opinions, they would abstain from voting, as they considered that they were not yet sufficiently acquainted with the conditions existing in France to take an active part in the decisions of the Congress.

After last week's Congress it is more evident than ever that the one hope of stemming the tide of Chauvinism in France is in the Socialist Party. It would hardly be true to say that the Chauvinist reaction has not affected the French Socialists, for it has had the effect of making them return to their principles and their traditional methods of action. The tone of the Congress was definitely internationalist and revolutionary, and the policy of compromise and of co-operation with bourgeois parties is at an end. Two tendencies manifested themselves at the Congress: on the one hand, a drawing together of the New Majority—the former "Minoritaires"—and the bulk of the old "Majoritaires"; on the other hand, a decided movement towards the Extreme Left. One of the votes suggests that the section of the Extreme Left, which until recently was only a handful, now includes nearly half of the new Majority. This is, above all, a symptom of the growing distrust of Parliamentary methods; there is a disquieting breach between the Socialist deputies and a large section of the rank-and-file of the party, including some of its most active members. But on the question of revolutionary methods the Congress was unanimous: the electoral programme adopted in view of the forthcoming General Election, although it proposes certain reforms, including a drastic amendment of the Constitution, declares a revolution to be necessary, and says that its first stage would probably be a temporary "dictatorship of the proletariat." This programme was supported by the old "Majoritaires" including M. Albert Thomas and M. Renaudel. It will probably not be accepted by the

Socialist deputies of the Extreme Right, such as M. Compère-Morel and M. Alexandre Varenne, but they have hardly any following in the party, and are likely to be shed at the General Election.

One of the most striking incidents of the Congress was the almost revolutionary speech of M. Albert Thomas, in which he gave his reasons for signing the electoral programme which had been agreed upon by the leaders of the two main sections of the party. He defended the conception of the dictatorship of the proletariat as a necessary method during the transition from a capitalist to a Socialist society, but he was able to quote Karl Marx in favor of his opinion that the proletariat must have the aid of the advanced elements of the bourgeoisie—he might have added that that is the case in Russia, for Lenin himself certainly does not belong to the proletariat. M. Thomas said that he did not know what forms direct representation and popular dictatorship might take in any given conditions, and he expressed no condemnation of the Soviet system without in any way committing himself to it. One of the most interesting passages in his speech was a suggestion that the theory of economic centralization might have to be reconsidered—a hint of a synthesis between Socialism and Syndicalism such as has been attempted by the theory of Guild Socialism in England. M. Renaudel, in his speech on the general policy of the party, also denied that he objected to the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia; what he objected to, he said, was that it was not a dictatorship of the whole proletariat, and that it excluded certain Socialist parties.

The electoral programme was adopted by 1,394 mandates against 296 for an alternative text proposed by M. Verfeuil, and 245 for another proposed by M. Lorient, leader of the "Kienthaliens"; there were forty-three abstentions. M. Lorient objected to the advocacy of any reforms, and wanted the revolution to be the entire programme of the party; M. Verfeuil's programme was much the same as M. Lorient's except in regard to the repudiation of immediate reforms; it was a half-way house between the other two. M. Verfeuil expressed the opinion that a revolutionary movement could not be attempted "until the poison of victory had been eliminated." The significance of the vote was that the Extreme Left could muster 541 mandates, representing more than one-fourth of the party, with all the deputies but two or three against it. It was on the question of the general policy of the party that the actual strength of the Centrists and old "Majoritaires" was revealed: the manifesto on the subject, proposed by M. Paul Faure on behalf of the Federation of Dordogne, was voted by 962 mandates against 232 for an alternative manifesto proposed by M. Lorient and 789 abstentions; the abstentionists were the Centrists, the old "Majoritaires," and the delegates of Alsace-Lorraine who, as has been said, did not take part in any vote. The reason for the abstention of the two sections mentioned was, that the manifesto condemned "the policy of hesitation and compromise followed during the war" by the French Socialist party, whereas the electoral programme did not allude to the past.

The manifesto declared that the war was "prepared by the Imperialism and the Nationalism of all the European States, small and great," and denied that it was "une guerre de droit." It continued as follows:—

"The party denounces the hypocrisy of the French rulers, who, after having exploited the ignorance and credulity of the masses of the people by making them believe that the war was merely one for the National defence, for the free self-determination of peoples, for the destruction of militarism, and the suppression of armaments, are now devoting themselves to the task of giving this war a purely Imperialist and capitalist solution, whence will inevitably issue further conflicts unless the international proletariat soon becomes master of its own destinies."

The manifesto expressed the opinion that the League of Nations prepared by the Peace Conference was likely to be nothing but "a league of capitalists having at its service an International White Army in order to fight the social revolution everywhere." It went on to hail the German revolution and to "extend a fraternal hand to the German people," condemning the retention of German prisoners of war, the demand for exaggerated indemnities and other crushing conditions "calculated to reduce the German people to slavery." The manifesto further condemned all intervention in Russia, declared the necessity of the dictatorship of the proletariat on the morrow of the

revolution, adhered to the principle of the class war, condemned any participation in a bourgeois government, and any coalition with bourgeois parties, and instructed the Socialist deputies to vote systematically against the Budget and against all military and civil votes of credit. Finally, it instructed the executive of the party to exclude from it any deputies not complying with these instructions, and to organize at once an energetic campaign against the Press censorship and the continuance of martial law.

This manifesto should, it would be thought, have been sufficiently advanced even for M. Lorient and his friends, whose alternative text, indeed, hardly differed from it at all, and who explained that they presented it merely to preserve their "liberty of action." The significance of the fact that there was not a single vote against the manifesto, except from the Extreme Left, need not be insisted on.

The other important question decided by the Congress was that of the rival Internationals—the Second which recently met at Berne, and the Third organized by the Russian Bolsheviks, to which the Italian and Swiss Socialist parties have adhered. M. Mayéras proposed immediate and unconditional affiliation to the Second International—M. Lorient immediate affiliation to the Third. The Congress decided on a middle course. By 894 mandates against 757 for the Mayéras resolution, and 270 for that of M. Lorient, it adopted a proposal of M. Longuet to adhere temporarily to the Second International on condition that it "purged" its executive and its affiliated sections, returned to the principle of class war and irreconcilable opposition to bourgeois governments and parties, and followed the example of Russia, Hungary, and Germany by immediately guiding the International in the direction of the social revolution. It was explained that the "purge" must include the removal of M. Vandervelde and M. Branting from the executive of the International. The resolution also declared the intention of the party to maintain fraternal relations with the Russian, Swiss, and Italian Socialists.

This Congress is likely to be momentous in the history of the French Socialist Party, which has taken a very decided step towards the Left. Its decisions deserve the careful consideration of the British Labor Party, which they face with important questions requiring a solution. It only remains to be added as a proof of the renewed vitality of the French Socialist Party under its new leaders that the circulation of "L'Humanité," during the six months that have passed since M. Marcel Cachin took over its editorship, has risen from 55,000 to 140,000.

ROBERT DELL.

Letters to the Editor.

DOGS' PROTECTION BILL.

SIR,—Mr. Cunninghame Graham has written a letter on the above subject, which has appeared in several papers at different dates. (It appeared in THE NATION of April 26th). The main purport of this letter seems to be to call in question a statement which I made in the "Times" of April 5th, that "the only sure basis of medicine is physiology, and physiology is absolutely dependent upon the dog for knowledge which is to be applied to man."

I had no intention of replying to Mr. Cunninghame Graham's letter when I first came across it (in the "Scotsman" of April 16th), partly because it teems with glaring inaccuracies which most educated readers will at once detect for themselves; partly on account of the style in which it is indited and the personal tone the writer adopts—a tone unusual, to say the least, in a publicly conducted controversy. But since Mr. Graham is still sending the letter to any paper which will print it, I must ask for a little space in order to point out to the author a few of his errors, in the hope that when he is himself made acquainted with them he may cease to circulate them.

1. Mr. Graham begins with the assertion that there is a conflict "between 'scientific' men on the merits and demerits of the case." (He means a conflict of opinion, but let that pass). There is no such conflict. Not a single scientific man who from his own knowledge and experience is com-

petent to express an opinion on the subject has given it in favour of the Bill.

2. "His method is to abuse the opponent's advocate." This is an inaccuracy which might almost be designated a "terminological inexactitude." I have studiously refrained from personal abuse; but during a long residence in Scotland I have become sufficiently Scotch to adopt the national motto, as Mr. Graham will no doubt perceive.

3. We come next to the statement I have already quoted, and which my critic characteristically misquotes. Mr. Graham asserts that I call this statement an "argument." I have nowhere called it an argument. It is a plain statement of fact, the truth of which is conceded by the whole profession of medicine; and if there are eight eminent (the adjective is Mr. Graham's) anti-vivisectionist doctors who are either bold or foolish enough to traverse it, they do but form the exception which "proves" the rule. That I employed the statement to enforce my argument against the passing of the Bill does not make it an argument; and, I repeat, I never called it one.

4. Mr. Graham asks for the evidence of the proposition which I have laid down. Such a demand is calculated to provoke a smile. It is something like asking for the evidence upon which is founded the statement that William the Conqueror won the Battle of Hastings! Surely Mr. Graham must understand that the evidence for such a statement is bound up in the history of the subject; to give, even in the briefest *résumé*, the history of physiology and medicine would occupy the whole of the columns of an average newspaper for a week. Mr. Graham can obtain the facts if he really wants them either by attending a course of lectures on the subject, or, if this is inconvenient to him, by consulting the original papers and books containing descriptions of the experiments on which the discoveries enumerated in my original letter ("Times" of April 5th) are founded. But as he would have to begin with the first volume of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society, and go through the whole series of two hundred and eight, to say nothing of innumerable journals which deal with physiology and experimental medicine alone; and as he would then be compelled to come to the same conclusion as that we have come to, I think it would be wise for him to accept the statement without further demur and make the best he can of the situation.

5. I can hardly suppose that Mr. Graham is serious in asserting that I put forward the thesis that "God made man in His own image." I have always understood that one of the authors of the first chapter of Genesis was responsible for this statement—but even he is misquoted by Mr. Graham.

6. Mr. Graham proceeds to say of Dr. Leonard Hill and Dr. Thomas Lewis that "they assert but they do not reason." I am not concerned to defend these gentlemen—they are well able to take care of themselves. I merely give the quotation as another instance of Mr. Graham's inaccuracies, for both their letters ("Times," April 7th) are, quite obviously, full of reasons why this Bill should not be allowed to pass.

7. I confess I am unable to follow Mr. Graham's obscure allusion to Trotsky and Lenin, or to understand why they are dragged in. If he had said he would never allow the life of anyone dear to him to be saved if it had to be at the expense of a dog's life. I might have some respect for his consistency, but should retain none for his humanity. Perhaps the allusion is merely another inaccuracy; I am content to let it go at that; it is at any rate irrelevant.

I understand that Mr. Cunningham Graham is an author of works of fiction. This indeed might be inferred from his letter, for in fiction accuracy of statement is not necessary, and with a certain class of readers looseness of style and irrelevancy pass perhaps as signs of genius. I would strongly recommend to him the old adage that the "cobbler should stick to his last." Nevertheless, if he feels impelled to plunge into a controversy as to the merits and demerits of which—on his own showing—he knows nothing, I suggest he would do well when writing to the Press to endeavor to avoid such obvious errors as those I have pointed out to him. They will not add to his reputation as a writer, and can certainly not assist the cause he is advocating.—I am, &c.,

EDWARD SHARPEY SCHAFER.

University New Buildings, Edinburgh.

April 29th, 1919.

THE EVERYMAN THEATRE.

SIR,—I must be an exception amongst the "blithe young men," for I have a very lively sense of gratitude to Mr. Archer for what he has already done for the English Theatre, and I am more than happy that the "Everyman Theatre" is to have such a "powerful ally."

I have not had an opportunity of explaining our project to Mr. Archer personally, and in reading his very kindly article about our theatre in your issue of the 26th inst., I feel that a slight misunderstanding, not of our aims, but of our promises, may have led him to suppose us more pretentious than we actually are.

I have never talked about great plays. "Great" is a word I studiously avoid. I certainly make no promise of producing dramatists who "go far beyond Ibsen in technique." To be young and enthusiastic, I hope, is not necessarily to be absurd, and so far from promising an Ibsen, a Shaw, or a Shakespeare I have always insisted that we were unpretentious and modest. I felt my parallel with the American Little Theatre Movement would prevent any misconception on this point. But I am sure that if we produce good plays in an interesting manner in an appropriate playhouse we shall indeed be a valuable "new departure." Mr. Archer would be the first to admit that, as in everything else, so in the theatre, if one waited till the "stable was full of dark horses" there would be little chance of progress. He might have completed his quotation from M. Copeau with the sentence: "There have been three or four great dramatic epochs in human history, the modern epoch has not yet produced its form," and if we should be nothing more than the first step towards that form then we may justly claim to be a new departure, for it will not be disputed that the West End theatre holds no such promise.

Mr. Archer asserts that we shall inevitably be absorbed in the great stream of dramatic art. I hope so. Then like all other rivers receiving the fresh waters of some healthy tributary, the main stream will once again become wider, deeper, and more profitable to the community.

Mr. Archer says: "All side-show theatres are simply minority organisations," suggesting some accompanying lack of virtue. But I do not think that his own work or that of Mr. Granville Barker was any less valuable because it was for a somewhat specialised audience. Any departure from pattern must at first be supported by such an audience, but I believe that London is much more alert to-day than it was when Mr. Archer did his pioneer work. I believe there exists a wide demand for a theatre free from the "vices, vulgarities, and idiocies" of the West-End theatre, which, if it is a remarkably vital institution as Mr. Archer believes, has surely a most perverted vitality.

I hope that Mr. Archer will not only "be spared to applaud," but for a long time to help us with his criticism and advice. We shall gladly welcome Mr. Archer's support.—I am, &c.,

NORMAN MACDERMOTT, Director.

71, Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me, as the "active man of letters" referred to in Mr. William Archer's article, to correct the mistakes and misunderstandings contained in it. If it were a purely personal matter I should, as is my habit, respond by silence, but Mr. Archer has used the alleged "non-existence" of my plays rather strangely as a counterblast to M. Copeau's assertion of the non-existence of the modern theatre. Of my plays five are published, and Mr. Archer could buy the lot for less than five shillings. "Miles Dixon" has been successfully produced in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and many cities in America; "James and John" was produced at the Haymarket, and has also appeared in many other theatres; "Everybody's Husband" at Birmingham, and lately in America, and there have been others.

That is merely to correct Mr. Archer's error of fact. The controversy to which Mr. Archer refers arose over his criticism in "The Tribune" of a Pinero play. I was then twenty-two, a law student, and an enthusiastic playgoer, and I wrote as a playgoer protesting that the supply in the theatre was not of a quality to satisfy the demand of the audiences composed of that particular generation of playgoers. "We" meant that generation of playgoers, and not

at all, as Mr. Archer seems to have imagined, a coterie of superior young persons. Indeed, a more solitary youngster than myself it would have been hard to find in all London. Mr. Archer, with this mistake in his head, and also with the unscrupulousness of middle-age, asked that I should lay the plays to which I referred on the table, but I was referring to plays that I thought ought to be written. Synge, as a matter of fact, was writing them in Ireland. To this I would draw Mr. Archer's attention, if he has any left for a person like myself, who is non-existent to him. Synge was able to write his plays because there was an insurgent theatre to welcome him. Similarly, Tschehov's plays were written when there was an insurgent theatre in Moscow to welcome him: the "Sea-Gull" in the routine theatre at Petrograd was a failure. Shaw's best plays were written when the Court was an insurgent theatre to welcome him, and the routine theatre in London is in a far worse state now than it was when Shaw, Barker, and Galsworthy were doing their best work, and I would ask Mr. Archer if he seriously expects to find in London within a measurable space of time the plays of any of the men he enumerates produced regularly and as a matter of course. And without insurrection how does he expect this desirable result to be brought about?

If middle-age is irritated by youth's enthusiasm, how can it expect youth to welcome its sympathy? Flat opposition were preferable. I remember my first encounter with the late St. John Hankin shortly after my controversy with Mr. Archer. Granville Barker introduced us and mentioned that I was a dramatic aspirant. "Is he any good?" said Hankin. "Oh, yes," replied Barker. "He's—good." "Kill him," said Hankin. "Kill him!" That, I submit, is a healthier attitude towards youth rejecting the errors of its elders than Mr. Archer's dissembled love.—Yours, &c.,

GILBERT CANNAN.

"THE WARNING."

SIR,—In your issue of April 12th is a leader headed "The Warning." At the end of this leader it is stated that "Nobody, it is true, has had the hardihood to recall for political consideration the great maxim of Edmund Burke that 'Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom.'"

May I call attention to "The Millennium," by Sir Ian Hamilton, written in November and published in January, page 26:—

"If Britain is to maintain her pride of place throughout the most interesting half-dozen pages of the histories of the future, her envoys must handle their problems without passion: she must show at the Peace Conference, before the whole expectant globe, that she has the broadest mind and the least rancorous heart of any of the Allies. Otherwise her race is run: she has reached her zenith. The other nations of the world will realise by degrees that she is in no wise wiser than they, and has no claim, therefore, to give them a lead towards the Millennium.

"Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a great empire and little minds go ill together." Never were truer words spoken.—Yours, &c.,

MARY F. KAYE.

21, Lexham Gardens, W. 8.

INDIA AT THE CROSS ROADS.

SIR,—Your sympathetic review of the present Indian situation, which will find warm approval by all well-wishers of India, does not emphasize enough the utter despair and disappointment of the Indian people at the attitude of the Indian Government. The political unrest that prevailed all over India before 1914 was only kept in check for the time being by the shock of war, which evoked a tremendous patriotism among all classes and communities of the Indian people who loyally and enthusiastically poured out their lives and treasure to help England to obtain victory. Now, after the victory, to repay India's devotion and sacrifice by passing a Coercion (Rowlatt) Act is like giving scorpions to hungry children who were promised food. India, which went out to aid England to crush German militarism, now finds that a worse militancy has come back in her midst like the return of the seven devils in the well-swept house. The simultaneous and spontaneous revolt of Indians of all classes and races is but the expression of deep resentment and disgust at the ingratitude of the English bureaucrats who, after obtaining all India could give during the war, pass an Act which the late Tsar would be ashamed to enact in

Russia. The Indians feel that while all the promises of freedom and self-government made since the time of Queen Victoria, and solemnly reiterated during the war, remain a dead letter, the Government is bent on a policy of repression, more repression, and still more repression. No wonder that even the Moderates, like myself, are losing all hope that India will ever obtain even the smallest measure of self-government. English bureaucrats will never learn that force is no remedy, and that the passionate longing of the Indian for self-expression, for freedom of body and mind, cannot be stifled for ever by guns and bombs from aeroplanes. If the new spirit of consciousness that is born in India in common with the East, and grown during the war, is not led into wise channels by sympathetic and broad-minded statesmanship, the outlook is full of peril and danger both to India and England.—Yours, &c.,

C. MUTHU, M.D.

Wells

Poetry.

MISERY.

SOMETIMES in bitter mood I mock myself:

"Half-ape, half-ass, servant and slave,
Where are your dreams gone now?
Where your fierce pride?
Whither goes your youth?
And how will you dare touch again
Dear slender women with those disfigured hands?
Or bare your long dishonored body
To the contemptuous sun?
How live after this shame?"

And all my answer:
"So that hate poison not my days,
And I still love the earth,
Flowers and all living things,
And my song still be keen and clear,
I can endure."

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

IN THE TRENCHES.

I

Nor that we are weary,
Not that we fear,
Not that we are lonely
Though never alone—
Not these, not these destroy us;
But that each rush and crash
Of mortar and shell,
Each cruel bitter shriek of bullet
That tears the wind like a blade,
Each wound on the breast of earth,
Of Demeter, our Mother,
Wound us also,
Sever and rend the fine fabric
Of the wings of our frail souls,
Scatter into dust the bright wings
Of Psyche.

II.

Impotent,
How impotent is all this clamor,
This destruction and contest . . . !
Night after night comes the moon
Haughty and perfect;
Night after night the Pleiades sing
And Orion swings his belt across the sky.
Night after night the frost
Crumbles the hard earth.
Soon the spring will drop flowers
And patient creeping stalk and leaf
Along these barren lines
Where the huge rats scuttle
And the hawk shrieks to the carrion crow.
Can you stay them with your noise?
Then kill winter with your cannon,
Hold back Orion with your bayonets
And crush the spring leaf with your armies.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "My Diaries." By Wilfred Scawen Blunt. Vol. I. 1888 to 1900. (Martin Secker. 21s.)
 "On the Edge of the World." Stories of Travel. By Edmund Candler. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)
 "A Naval Lieutenant, 1914-1918." By "Etienne." (Methuen. 8s. 6d.)
 "The Burning Spear." Being the Experiences of Mr. John Lavender in Time of War. Recorded by A. R. P.-M. (Chatto & Windus. 5s.)

THE Open Court Company, of Chicago, have sent me their "Wander-Ships," folk-stories of the sea with notes upon their origin, by Mr. Wilbur Bassett; and a sailor friend, who gave up trading to the East to patrol among mine-fields for three years, and has rarely been known to cross himself when in doubt, picked up the book, smiling a little superciliously, lost his smile as he examined it, and then asked if he might borrow it. But without any immediate luck. I know his sort. They go to sea and forget things. Just such another sailor, just as supercilious, once borrowed a similar book from me, "Legends and Superstitions of the Sea" (I forget the compiler), and, naturally, I never had it back, and cannot get another copy.

I AM not superstitious. I have never met a man who was. But perhaps we have our reservations. A doctor I know, who is certainly what some would call a hard case, having grown grey and serious with dubiety in watching humanity from Nigeria to the South Seas, and who chuckles when listening to a political or a religious discussion, but does no more (he has lost interest in all life lately, except that of birds, in which he still delights), might not be supposed to have any more regard for the mysteries than you would find in an odd number of the "Cold Storage Gazette." When with him in the British Museum, which he never misses when once again in England, I invited him to let us search out a certain exhibit about which strange tales are told. "Not me!" he said, peremptorily. And I gathered that it is all very well to be funny about such coincidences, but that one never knows for certain, and that it is better to regard the unexplored dark with a well-simulated respect till one can see through it. There were some matters he had known in the East, and they were not provided for in the books; he had tried to see through them from all points; but not with complete satisfaction; therefore he never asked for trouble unless he knew it wasn't there.

ANOTHER man, very like him, a master mariner, and one who knew me well enough for secrets, was bringing me from the French coast for Barry at full speed, in a fog. He was a clever, but an indiscreet, navigator. I was mildly rebuking him by the door of the chart room for his foolhardiness, but he laughed quietly, said he intended to make a good passage, which his owners expected; and that when the problem was straightforward he used science, but that when it was all a fog he trusted mainly to his instinct, or whatever it might be, to tell him in time; not to be alarmed; we should have the Lizard eight miles on the starboard beam in another hour and a half. By this time we were talking in the chart-room. An old cap of his was on the floor, upside down. I looked at him to shake my head in rebuke of this reliance on instinct, but he was staring at the cap, a little startled. Then he dashed past me without a word for the bridge. While following him at leisure I heard the telegraph ring. Outside there was still nothing but the pallor of a blind world to look at. The flat sea was but fugitive glints of what might have been water, for it had the voice of water; but all melted into nothing at a distance which could have been

anything. The tremor of the ship lessened, and the noise of the waters fell, for the speed had slackened; we might have become hushed, and were waiting, listening, for something that was invisible, but threatening. Then I heard the skipper's voice, quick but quiet, and arrived in time to see the man at the wheel putting it hard over. Something had been ahead of us, but now was growing broad on the starboard bow—a faint presentment of land, high and unrelated, for there was a luminous void below it. It was a filmy and colored ghost in the sky, with a thin shine upon it of a sun we could not see. It grew stronger as we looked, and brighter, a near and indubitable coast. "I know where I am now," said the skipper. "Another minute or two, and we should have been on the Manacles."

GRINNING a little awkwardly, he explained that he had seen that old cap on the floor before, without knowing how it could have got there, and at the same time had felt very nervous without knowing why. The last time was when, homeward bound in charge of a fine steamer, he hoped Finisterre was far-off, but not too far off. Just about there, as it were; and that his dead reckoning was correct. For the weather had been dirty, the seas heavy, and the sun invisible. But he found nothing but worse weather, except the sight of two other steamers on exactly the same course as himself, evidently having calculated to pass Ushant in the morning; his own calculation; though he would be later, for his speed appeared to be less than theirs. There they were, a lucky and unexpected confirmation of his own reasoning. His chief officer, an elderly man full of doubt, smiled again, and smacked his hands together. That was all right. My friend then went into the chart room, and underwent the strange experience we know. He wondered a little, concluded it was just as well to be on the safe side, and slightly altered his course. Early next morning he sighted Ushant. There was nothing to spare. He was, indeed, cutting it fine. The seas were great. And piled up on the rocks of that bad coast were the two steamers he had sighted the day before.

WHY had not the other two masters received the same nudge from Providence before it was too late? That is what the unfortunate, who cannot genuinely offer solemn thanks with full choral service like the lucky, will never know, though they continually ask. It is the darkest and most unedifying part of the mystery. Moreover, that side of the question, as we have lately had cause to remember, never troubles the lucky ones. Yet I wish to add that later, when my friend, then in waters not well-known, in charge of a ship on her maiden voyage—for he always got the last and best steamer from his owners, they having recognized that his stars were propitious—he was warned that to attempt a certain passage, under some peculiar circumstances, was what a wise man would not lightly undertake. But my friend was young, daring, clever, and fortunate. Yet that morning his cap was not on the floor. And at night his valuable ship with her exceptionally valuable cargo was fast forever on a coral reef.

WHAT did that prove? Apart from the fact that if the young reject the experience of their elders they may regret it, just as they may regret if they do pay heed to it, his later misfortune proves nothing; except, perhaps, that the last thing on which a man should rely, unless he must, is the supposed favor of the gods of whom he knows nothing but, say, a cap unreasonably on the floor; yet gods, nevertheless, whose existence even the wise and dubious cannot flatly deny.

"WANDER-SHIPS" has better stories than these, however. It does not tell us of some of the best of the sea-legends, like the Isle-Of-No-Land-At-All, or the Extra Hand, or the Gonger; but, of course, we get most of the variants of the Death Ship, the Giant Ship, and the Stone Boat, with plenty of references and authorities—fascinating yarns.

H. M. T.



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Reviews.

IRELAND IN SEARCH OF HER SOUL.

"Ireland for the Last Fifty Years (1866-1918)." By ERNEST BARKER. Second and Enlarged Edition. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.)

We are glad to see that this well-informed, well-written, and important pamphlet has already got into a second and enlarged edition, for it is one which everybody who already knows a little about Ireland, and wants to know more, will do well to read, learn, and inwardly digest.

The pamphlet may also be called unusually impartial, for though like most things that proceed from or are in any way concerned with Ireland it bears on its face certain "hall-marks," well known to the Irish expert, who is always on the look-out for them, its character for impartiality cannot reasonably be impugned. All that is "generally known" about Ireland by the self-centred inhabitants of the adjacent islands may be summed up in this: that it is the home of a tiresome, because an unsolved, problem—namely, How to govern it? And though from time to time an enthusiast appears crying out "Eureka!" it is evident from the latest speech of the latest Chief Secretary, the forty-seventh since the Act of the Union, the problem has not yet been solved.

Mr. Barker, who owns an admirable style, grave as befits his subject, but never dull, quotes a German agriculturist who would have us believe that the Irish problem is one of turnips—if only Ireland had grown turnips no less than potatoes! Q.E.F.! But Mr. Barker waives this Hunnish solution aside by pointing out that Ireland *does* grow turnips.

The ill-starred Hartley Coleridge thought he saw Ireland's difficulty cropping up in quite a different field. Ireland, so he opined, could be governed easily enough, but for the fact that it is inhabited by Catholics and Protestants. Had the younger Coleridge been acquainted with Irish phraseology and better read in that melancholy theme Irish history, he might have strengthened his case by adding to Catholics and Protestants a third and most formidable difficulty, the Presbyterians; for though strangers do not know it, nobody in Ireland ever dreams of employing the word "Protestant" to denote anything more disagreeable than an Episcopalian of the Protestant persuasion.

Catholics, Protestants, and Presbyterians, no doubt, have between them made a sad hash of Irish Government, despite the fact that each of them in turn has been either persecuted violently or snubbed vehemently; but in these days no one will be found bold enough to assert in Parliament that the problem of "How to govern Ireland" can be solved by the forcible expulsion of any large fraction of its inhabitants.

Mr. Disraeli, who, though he never lifted a hand to help Ireland, understood her case better than any other outsider, put his finger upon the cause of her long drawn-out misfortunes when he said, "Ireland suffers from an arrested revolution." Mr. Froude, in those three grim volumes of his, "The English in Ireland," preaches from the same text with "damnable iteration." No country, so Froude admits over and over again, has ever had a better *casus belli* than has Ireland against English rule. But what is the use of prating like schoolboys about revolutions that can never succeed?

Foreign writers about Ireland, when they take up their pens, are all conscious of the same difficulty. Where are they to begin? With the Isle of Saints and Doctors? With the English invasion in 1172? With Elizabeth and Trinity College? With Cromwell and confiscation? With the Penal Laws and the strangulation of Irish trade? With the Act of Union? Or with the famine of 1846 and its direful consequences?

The unfortunate stranger who leaves out any of these periods is sure to have a good deal more than half-a-brick heaved at him by native hands, and to be told that he has omitted from his survey the very "seed-plot" of the future. Irish memories are terribly relentless things. It is only prosperous nationalities who can afford to forget either their Bannockburns or their Floddens.

What the plain, good-hearted Englishman, who is never much of a student, wants to get at, is why Ireland still hates

England; and more especially, why no Irishman ever seems to hate another Irishman quite so much as all Irishmen appear to hate all Englishmen.

It is not easy to analyze hatred to its last dregs; but it is interesting to find Mr. Barker quoting, with approval these words of Mr. Lecky's, the most judicial of modern Irish historians:—

"It is probable that the true source of the savage hatred of England that animates great bodies of Irishmen on either side of the Atlantic, has very little connection with the Penal Laws, or the Rebellion of 1798, or the Union. It is far more due to the great clearances and vast unaided emigrations that followed the famine of 1846."

Mr. Barker begins his Irish records in 1866, but before he does so he wisely manages to get upon his Notes the following facts and figures: "From 1849 to 1856 over 50,000 families were evicted. In 1863, and again in 1864, the number of families evicted was little short of 2,000. In 1865 and 1866 it sank, but it still remained at the rate of nearly 1,000. Meanwhile the flood of emigration flowed high. Between 1846 and 1851 a quarter of a million of the population emigrated, and in each year between 1851 and 1861 over 100,000 were annually leaving Ireland."

It is not too much to say that all this accumulated heap of passions, misery, heart-break, and transmitted hatreds, was attributable to the very worst system of land tenure the world has ever known.

In 1866 that mischievous Irish stop-gap Lord Palmerston, departed this life, taking with him to Saturn, or wherever he went, his idiotic *dictum*, "Tenant Right is Landlord's Wrong," and after his disappearance, Fenianism raised its head.

Mr. Barker, after naming some of the activities and outrages of Fenianism, judiciously proceeds to say:—

"The results of Fenian acts of violence, combined with the results of the Reform Bill of 1867, produced a new era of concession and conciliation in Ireland. The new electorate, and its leader, Mr. Gladstone, were eager to pursue a new policy. In 1869 the Irish Church was disestablished and disendowed. *Its tenants were enabled to buy their holdings*, which they did on a large scale. . . . Next year, in 1870, a Land Act was passed, which marked a new phase in the long series of Land Acts passed for Ireland during the nineteenth century. *For the first time*, the interest of the tenant was definitely the main object of legislation."

Mr. Barker traces succinctly and accurately the history of Irish land legislation which has eventuated in a system of State-aided land purchase, *for the tenants*, which by successive Ministries and Treasuries has been so conducted that it is now true to say that considerably more than two-thirds of this huge operation has been safely performed, and that to-day Ireland is a land of peasant proprietors. This change, taken in conjunction with the work of the Congested District Board in the West, is too prodigious to be described. It must be seen and studied on the spot.

England has no reason to be otherwise than proud of this history—for belated and postponed as it was, that was no fault of the constituencies; but the main credit for land purchase must and hereafter will be given to the painful and persistent efforts of the Irish Nationalist members of the House of Commons, belonging to that constitutional party which, owing to the folly of the present Coalition Ministry, has been wiped out in favor of Sinn Féin and wild Republican dreams.

There is, perhaps, no need for outsiders to trouble themselves with the details of the Land Acts of 1870, 1881, and 1882, or even of the later Acts of 1887, 1901, 1902, and 1909, though many of their clauses still throb with emotion in many memories—for the great transaction they were all concerned with is now done.

Land purchase in Ireland, beginning with money grants ever increasing in amount and easier in their terms of repayment, was accelerated by cunningly contrived and judiciously administered bribes to both buyer and seller, and was finally crowned, amidst the groans of the House of Lords, by that principle of compulsion which was involved in it from the very beginning.

This revolution at all events, once begun in 1869, has never been arrested. And yet, in an Ireland of peasant proprietors, of laborers' cottages, of Old Age Pensions, and high prices, and much prosperity, to say nothing of a really National University in full swing, and no more disloyal to

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the House of Hanover than was the University of Oxford throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century—the Irish problem, notwithstanding all these things, remains unsolved.

We turn to Mr. Barker to find out what he has to say. At first, we almost feared he was going to find his solution, not indeed in turnips, but in transport, but this was a false alarm, for on page 118 he is found writing:—

"Whatever benefits the last fifty years have brought to Ireland, whatever the value of judicial rents, or land purchase, or local self government—all this, it may seem, profited nothing. Ireland desired something more—something different in quality—something above and beyond an infinity of Land Acts, and above and beyond recurrent Home Rule Bills which came to nothing; *she desired to possess her own soul.*"

Writing, as we are doing, in a newspaper, though only a weekly one, we feel entitled to give ourselves the airs of a leader writer in the "Times," and, "assuming the God," to assert pontifically that "Mr. Barker is right."

But how is Ireland to obtain this beatitude of soul-possession? She has got her soil, not by Revolution but with the aid of the British Treasury; who will help her to gain her soul? Almost on his last page, Mr. Barker dreams a dream:—

"It is possible that a British Labor Party may join hands with an Irish Labor Party to settle the long vexed, storm-tossed Irish problem, which has baffled for so many years the older parties."

Let us hope Mr. Barker dreamt his dream at "break of day," when, according to Horace and Dryden, "dreams are true." A. B.

HEART AND MIND.

"As a Man Thinketh: The Personal Problem of Militarism." By ERNEST EWART UNWIN. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Most Englishmen, and perhaps the author of the book before us, would put the stress in this sentence on the word "heart." But the important word is the word "thinketh." Most people are more or less right in their hearts. Cruelty for the sake of cruelty, injustice for the sake of injustice, are indeed to be found; yet hardly in force enough to deflect the course of life. But inadequate, lazy, conventional thinking is at the bottom of most evil. Thinking, not in the instrumental sense. That is mechanical, and can be taught in universities. But thinking, in the sense of looking straight, with independent individual vision, at what is Good and Bad, and what ministers thereto. In this region men prefer to substitute words for things, and then react to the words. And what the words express is not ideas nor things, but instincts. They are keys releasing the passions into blind action. The war has been a carnival of such words and such action. "Huns," "Boches," "Bolshevists," in the name of these and such-like words men have been slaughtering one another for four and a-half years, and are still starving one another. But behind the words is no thought. With the result that, when the war ends, these millions of men who have given all for the war retire, and have nothing to give, least of all their thought, for the peace. They leave all that to a few score men working in the dark at Paris and switch off their passion on to new words. And so the world goes on in the old bad way they dimly imagined they were fighting to end. All these have good hearts, good intentions, good everything, except good thoughts. Nor are their thoughts bad. They are simply non-existent.

Under these conditions it is impossible to know whether or no, at bottom, if men were to clear up their notions of Good and Evil, it would be found that their notions were so incompatible that there could never be agreement or co-operation between them. For instance, looked at superficially, at the present moment, it must seem that England is divided into two sections having nothing in common between them—a minority of Conscientious Objectors and a majority of those that persecute them. But the fact is that the great mass of Englishmen do not know what a Conscientious Objector is. They deal with a word—the word

"Conchy"—not with men at all. And the word is just a key to release the passion of contempt. Bring any ordinary Englishman up against the fact, make him learn the truth about Mr. Stephen Hobhouse or Mr. Corder Catchpole, and the passion attached to the word yields to a judgment attached to the man. He begins for the first time to think on the subject; and having begun, he goes on; and it cannot be foreseen where he will end. But men—and this at bottom is the root of evil—men desire to live by words, because then they can live by routine, sparing themselves not only the intolerable labor of thought but what may be the intolerable pain of a change of life. Hence, in our churches, our schools, our universities there is a general half-unconscious conspiracy to prevent thought, to maintain before realities the screen of words.

If there is any hope for mankind it must be in a change not of heart but of mind. That minds should come into contact over realities is the one great need. But nothing is more difficult than to effect that contact. Controversy will not do it. Preaching will not do it. Perhaps some process of reasoning about the purposes of life, as rigorous and impartial as science, might achieve it. Mr. Unwin's book is an essay, and a welcome one, in this direction. It is free from bitterness, indignation, and polemics. It is the book of a man who is abreast of science. It has the transparent honesty and directness of the Quaker spirit. A militarist might read it without exasperation, and could hardly read it without profit. But the trouble is to get the militarist to read it. We are divided too much, for purposes of reading, as for purposes of living, into sects that do not communicate. And hence perhaps there is an appearance of antagonisms more ultimate and irreconcilable than really is the case. Are there, for instance, really "militarists" in England? Or are there only men in a muddle? Are there people who, seeing clearly and without a veil of romance what modern war is, seeing clearly (what is the fact) that it is incompatible with chivalry, humanity, morals, and religion, that it is war on women and children as much as on combatants, and war by every weapon however cruel and treacherous—are there men, enough men to count, who, seeing this, deliberately choose and prefer to perpetuate war? Or is it only that civilians at home, and even soldiers who have been at the front cannot, or will not, realize the facts of war? Is it only that phrases covering falsehoods which have been exposed again and again—as that "while human nature is what it is there must be war," or "the best way to maintain peace is to prepare for war"—is it only that the mass of men still, after what should have been the experience of war, substitute for the fact these screens of words? Probably, the latter. But that confusion and impotence of mind is more fatal than deliberate wickedness. For wickedness can be exposed, and, being exposed, is condemned by most men. But confusion of mind cannot easily be exposed to the confused. It is probably true that the process now going on, in the minds of most "educated" Englishmen, is something of this kind: "Of course, there will be another war. We wish rather that there needn't be. But, since there must be, we must be prepared. That being so, we must keep a preponderant Navy and, probably, retain conscription. Will conscription brutalize our youth? Oh no! Let's look at the bright side! It's only Huns on whom it has that effect! Will it militarize our whole educational system? Oh no! It's only in Germany that that sort of thing happens! Will the next war be something so terrific that civilization cannot survive it? Oh no! We've been told that sort of thing before, and yet here we are. Going strong, eh?" It is in this muddle of semi-hypocrisies that the ruin of mankind is being wrought out. It's no use telling these people to be "good." They feel as if they were "good," and in a certain sense they are. They "mean well," like Mrs. Dombey. But, alas! like Mrs. Dombey, they "never could make an effort" of an intellectual kind.

This way of looking at the matter is often thought not to go to the bottom. There is some antagonism, it is thought, between the "spiritual" life and the intellectual. But, in fact, the spiritual life, the life travelling in the right direction, is impossible, unless you have a map of the country and clear eyesight. The spiritual life, if it is valuable, is not

GERMANY NATIONALISES HER COAL INDUSTRY.

AT the present juncture, when the question of the Nationalisation of the British Coal Industry is under discussion, the publication of the scheme under which the German Coal Industry is in process of being Nationalised is most opportune, and its details should be carefully noted and studied by those who are interested in the British problem. The report of the German Coal Commission appears in full in

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a mere inward state. It is an outward conduct. And there can be no right conduct without vision. To expect people to act rightly by merely feeling rightly is like entrusting an engineering job to a man who has nothing but an enthusiasm for bridges. It is no use meaning well, unless you have the intelligence and knowledge to do well. If this is true of individuals, it is truer still of nations. What nations need is to substitute intelligence and knowledge for passion. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

THE GREAT ADVENTURE.

"The Adventure of Life." By ROBERT W. MACKENNA, M.A., M.D. (Murray. 6s. net.)

THE lay observer of the professions and sciences must have been keenly interested in a "tendency" of philosophy, psychology, biology, physiology, natural history, and even the arts and religion to draw more inclusively upon one another. Science has been much less elastic in this respect than the other professions—with the result that attacks upon its vested interest have been far more persistent and profitable than they have been upon the sister professions. Religion, for instance, is no longer hostile to the theory of natural selection; on the contrary, it has appropriated it for its own use; while the pedantic and destructive features of orthodox natural history have not only alienated other thinkers, but induced them to question and reinterpret its methods and verdicts in the light of a more human and a more fundamental understanding. Materialism, again, has no longer the crushing power over inquirers that it used to have, and has been riddled not only by the psychologists, but by the cold, rational investigations of science itself. In fact, what a modern thinker calls "a closer and closer understanding with the nature of things" has begun to operate in all the branches of knowledge and to open up horizons far wider than the scientists of the past either dared or desired to contemplate, and of the profoundest significance in the revaluation of human life.

Therefore, Mr. Mackenna's sequel to "The Adventure of Death" should attract readers who possess a philosophy of life, not an exclusive preserve upon some special terrain of it. For them it is avowedly written. The author's object, in his own words, is "to prove that the goal of Nature is Life; the aim of Life is the development of Intelligence, and the object of Intelligence is a knowledge of God." His book is not so much constructive and revolutionary as a summary and digest of the more modern developments of thought with an acceptance of faith, Christianity, and immortality that will appal the old-fashioned scientist and philosopher. His first few chapters rapidly recapitulate the problems of the origins of life and of man, the rôle of intelligence in evolution, "animism," "vitalism," and the protective organisms of the body. "The Universe" he says:—

"presents a daily and nightly demonstration of beauty, of harmony, and of law, and to imagine a blind force to be capable of acting as a cause and producing such effects is to tax the credulity of the most ignorant. No blind force agitating in a tray the fragments of a jig-saw puzzle will ever succeed in putting it together."

Important, too, is his insistence upon intelligence as the primary factor of evolution. The battle in Nature is not to the strong, not even to the hardest. Mr. Mackenna does not perhaps push this selective principle quite far enough, nor allow it enough scope in the animal kingdom. Personality plays an immensely greater part in the conservation and continuity of natural life than is usually allowed.

Mr. Mackenna is at his best in his discussions of free-will, the function of the soul, and materialism. "Materialism," he says, "holds that matter is the one and only ultimate reality. Let it be said . . . that even a materialist would have no knowledge of this only ultimate reality without mind, which reveals it to him." It seems to us that the convincing argument against materialism is that it won't work. The denial of a moral consciousness implicit in the universe exempts man, as part of the universe, from one. But as recent events have shown in a theatrical light, we deny that consciousness not only

at our peril, but at the penalty of the extinction of man from this planet in the future. Mankind will have some time or other to rely upon co-operation and the moral order, or he will cease to be mankind.

The author's chapters on pain are too apt to insist upon it as diagnostic, remedial, and frequently life-saving. For the lay reader, at any rate, his treatment of the problem of pain is too cold-blooded and utilitarian. But he is quite right to declare boldly that mankind is itself to blame for nine-tenths of the existing pain in the world. In Nature there is little or no pain. Death is instantaneous, if it be violent; a numbness and "falling upon sleep" if it be natural. Mr. Hudson tells a remarkable story of how in La Plata he saw a company of swifts wheeling and screaming excitedly in the air. Suddenly one of them detached itself from its comrades and floating down, settled on the ground. When he approached it, it was dead—simply from age. One could not find a more expressive parallel. We cannot, says Mr. Mackenna, throw back our disasters on God or we surrender our freedom of action and turn God into a determinist. If, we might put it, we have freedom of action we must have freedom of or from pain. "The fault, dear Brutus . . ."

There are parts of the author's discussions on love and marriage and work which are governed by too conservative and rigid an attitude. It is nonsense, for instance, to say that "a workman chooses his occupation or his trade" under our present system, and to dogmatize upon the breaking of a union which is a failure as beast-like, anti-social, and a degradation of the sacrament of human love. But the book closes on a note of hope, faith, and good will which in itself points to a much needed reconciliation between the sciences and the humanities. In spite of faults, "The Adventure of Life" is, on the whole, a sound piece of work, and suggests fruitful paths for the future development of knowledge.

HISTORY IN A HURRY.

"The British Campaign in France in Flanders, 1917." By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

MARSHAL FOCH said recently that "the year 1917 was a year lost by both sides." We may take this to mean that the Allies scored certain successes and the Germans others; and that, on a balance, neither side had appreciably advanced its cause. But the year was, nevertheless, one of tremendous fighting, the brunt of which fell upon the British troops. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has, therefore, a large canvas to cover; and in a book which purports to describe the campaign in France and Flanders the reader very naturally expects to be competently guided through the maze of complicated fighting in which the British figured from the sea to St. Quentin. The volume begins with the German retreat upon the Arras-Soissons front, covers the battle of Arras, describes the "operations in the Arras sector from April 23rd onwards"; and has other chapters dealing with the Battle of Messines, the "operations from June 10th to July 31st," the third Battle of Ypres, and the Battle of Cambrai.

This list of contents is no adequate guide to what Sir Arthur has to give. There is no indication of any consistent plan on the part of Sir Douglas Haig. Even in the story of a battle there is no explanation of why the troops went here or there. In the brilliant counter-attack of Marwitz at Cambrai, for instance, we learn that the Germans were expected to attack on the north because they had to push us out of Bourlon Wood, and we expected them to attack also in the south. Then there is a detailed account of the assault in the south, and later an account of the attack in the north. If Sir Arthur had said east or west, or any other point of the compass, it would have been equally enlightening, since there is no suggestion that Marwitz aimed at a partial decision by cutting off the whole salient. And it is much the same throughout the book. It is almost impossible to gather what all the trouble is about. We suddenly find the Fourth Army moved to the coast. In an

EAGLE, STAR, AND BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE.

SIR EDWARD M. MOUNTAIN, presiding at the meeting of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Ltd., on Thursday last, said that last year he had announced the completion of the amalgamation of two important companies with their own Company, and this year he had to report that two other companies, the English and Scottish Law Life Assurance Association Limited and the British Crown Assurance Corporation Limited, had joined their fortunes with those of the Company. Both of these companies possessed important connections in this country, and would materially increase the Eagle Company's connections at home.

With regard to the marine departments, whether hull insurance was profitable or not, was almost entirely dependent on the cost of repairs, the great majority of claims which had to be met being of that nature. Ever since the outbreak of war the cost of repairs had steadily increased. They had come to the conclusion that the increased cost of repairs over pre-war prices was at least 160 per cent. Since then various shipping repair yards had combined to increase still further the cost, and quite recently there had been a further advance of about 20 per cent. Underwriters were also suffering from the difficulty that, owing to the demand for tonnage and the scarcity of docking accommodation during the war, a very large number of steamers which had met with accidents, and should have been repaired and the bills paid by underwriters long ago, had had their repairs delayed. That had had the effect of making it impossible for underwriters to form any estimate as to whether they were making a profit or a loss on this class of business. It would probably be at least another two or three years before they would know what the result of the last few years' underwriting on this business had been. It behoved shipowners and underwriters to combine together to prevent excessive charges on repairs. A vast number of shipowners, being fully insured and not having to bear the increase out of their own pockets in the first instance, had been apt to become lethargic. Never in the past had that class of business wanted more careful watching and organisation than during the present period.

Cargo insurance also required putting in order. Competition had become very much keener by reason of the large number of new insurance companies formed to transact marine insurance business and of old companies who had come into the marine insurance market, and who previously had not been there. Another difficulty that underwriters met with was that shipowners were taking every opportunity to contract themselves out of every liability that could possibly arise, throwing the whole burden on the shoulders of the underwriters. To such an extent had that arisen that underwriters were seriously considering whether it would not become necessary to have a standard bill of lading which would not permit the shipowner to contract himself out of those liabilities which it is right he should run.

A further difficulty that would arise in the future would be that a fall in the value of cargo meant less business and also increased any particular average claims made during the fall in prices. The bulk of cargo business was done by means of annual contracts by which underwriters were obliged to accept any steamers of a certain type at a fixed premium. There had been, during the war, a very large increase in American tonnage built with great rapidity, and it had yet to be proved from an underwriter's experience how that would compare with pre-war built steamers. There had also been a large number of wooden steamers and auxiliary wooden vessels put on the market. Another point

likely to be adverse to underwriters for some time was that several lines had had to replace lost tonnage by inferior vessels, and had had to distribute their vessels over many trades instead of, perhaps, being in the special one for which they had been built.

With regard to war risk insurances, those naturally consisted of mine risks only, but it was the custom to include the risk of damage by riots, civil commotion, etc. Practically the highest rate that could be obtained for covering those risks per voyage was 2s. 6d. per cent. Considering the great unrest all over the world, they had considered that the premium was not adequate, and they were only accepting that risk when they were obliged to conserve their old connections.

With regard to fire and general departments, which embraced all transactions outside of the marine and life business, progress of a gratifying nature had been made in all departments, and they were able to show a premium income within measurable distance of £1,000,000. The great care exercised in the selection of business was reflected in the loss ratio of 37.58 per cent., which was the lowest of any account yet published. After providing 40 per cent. for unexpired liability, there was a balance of £162,929. They had decided to leave that as an additional reserve. In the fire and general departments they did not anticipate any decrease in their premium income consequent on the cessation of hostilities, because, whilst a large number of insurable risks were created in consequence of the war, considerably more were in abeyance, and would be resuscitated with the opening up of trade. They expected to get a larger share of motor and employers' liability business, and had opened new departments for the insurance of boiler and engineering and live-stock insurance.

Realising the important part that the future of aviation had in the development of the country, they considered that they had made an advantageous arrangement with a large number of leading underwriters at Lloyd's to form an insurance group capable of dealing with any aviation insurance that might be put on the market. In conjunction with Lloyd's underwriters, this Company were the pioneers of that form of insurance. With regard to life business, during 1918 they had issued 4,648 new policies, assuring £1,600,452, with annual premiums of £76,179, and single premiums of £6,710. There were very few life offices in the United Kingdom whose records for 1918 exceeded that sum, and the great bulk of the amount referred to business directly transacted in the United Kingdom. The only active agency which they had abroad was one at South Africa, from which they looked for a fair proportion of first-class life business.

Great difficulties had been experienced by all life offices during the last year in endeavouring to secure a satisfactory volume of new business, as by far the greater number of the population which it was desirable to obtain as new entrants into life business were debarred from making proposals, owing to the fact that they were subjected to military risks, and also many of their most active agents were themselves engaged in war service. They looked forward, under the new and improved conditions, to an increased new life business. Many who had married in war-time would find it necessary to provide for their wives and children who would no longer be entitled to Government pensions or allowances. Moreover, many would desire to purchase a house to live in, and the company had prepared a special scheme enabling this to be done on favourable terms through the assistance of life policies. Their actuaries had been devising many schemes of life assurance, including those relating to the provision of educational annuities and other benefits for

earlier volume Sir Arthur described its commander, Rawlinson, as "an officer who has always been called upon when desperate work was afoot." But what desperate work was afoot on this occasion we are not told. We see Gough brought to Ypres, the French Army of Authoine (whom Sir Arthur describes as if he had never heard of the Fourth Army and Moronvilliers) placed on his flank; a vast concentration growing in the north; and we are to believe, forsooth, that all these preparations are for the capture of a ridge. From Arras onwards it was a year of campaigning for ridges. In effect, it was; but the purpose was the most ambitious upon which the British armies ever embarked. The plan was to clear the coast, and Rawlinson's rôle was as desperate as ever. With the help of tanks landed from specially built boats he was to burst through the coastal area and advance through Belgium. There is no glimpse of this in the book. One may learn, perhaps, what a particular battalion did at 5.57 a.m. on June 9th, the state of the weather at that moment, and what lay in the immediate foreground; but no more. The book is a collection of records not equally detailed, of facts and figures. But none of these constitute a campaign; and when McCracken and Congreve are both said to be in command of the same unit at the same time (though on two different pages) we wonder about the accuracy of the facts.

We are compelled to say that it seems to us Sir Arthur has not paused to assimilate his material and decide upon what he really holds about this tense and terrible struggle. With perfect complacency he writes varying conclusions on the same operation until we wonder if this is the result of mere haste to get the book out or of an indifference which is unforgivable when we remember what was the cost of these operations. He gives correctly Haig's plan to assault the Arras-Bapaume salient from north and south before the retreat had begun, and yet says the British commander had "*managed*"* to collect a strong striking force, despite the retreat. This was the part of the plan which was little disturbed. Then he proceeds to tell us that Haig's plans were "*neither modified* nor delayed*" by the retreat. The truth is that one part of the plan was evaded completely. The concentration area for the other part was little changed; but instead of striking south-east on one part of his front, Allenby had to strike east, and instead of aiming at the neck of a salient he had to strike frontally against men in formidable positions. It is quite time historians admitted that Hindenburg's retreat seriously disarranged our plans; but if Sir Arthur feels reluctant, then he must at least make up his mind to tell a consistent story.

There are a number of incidents in which we detect the hand of the practised storyteller; but in reading carefully through the book we become conscious of a clash with a strange mentality. Thus in recounting the fighting about Lens, when the Canadians met the Germans advancing in the open, Sir Arthur says that "for a few *glorious** minutes there was close bludgeon work." On another occasion, when our own gas projectors almost exterminated a company of Leicesters, we read "The sad tragedy is only alleviated by so convincing if painful a proof of the powerful nature of these weapons, and their probable effect upon the Germans." If he were writing in deliberate irony we could understand such sentences; but apparently Sir Arthur is perfectly sincere in his reflections, and in time we cease to be moved when we hear *à propos* of the Russian Revolution of "These preposterous people, who began their career of democracy by betraying all the democracies of the world." We read without a quiver that, for the Third Battle of Ypres, "Sir Douglas Haig *openly** assembled his forces," and "all camouflage was thrown aside." And by the time we find the failure of the 1917 campaign put down to the defection of Russia, we have become convinced that war is a thing of glorious bludgeoning, in which such a slight oversight as the killing of a company of your own men adds but a touch of proof of the effectiveness of your methods. Efficiency and intelligence are irrelevant, provided that you honorably rush ahead and gloriously bludgeon the enemy. We wonder if this is the whole war. At any rate we venture to suggest that Sir Arthur keep his next volume by his side until he has sufficiently assimilated his material to present a convincing case.

* Our italics.

ROMANCE.

- "Station X." By G. McLEOD WINSOR. (Jenkins. 6s. net.)
 "The Quest of the Golden Spurs." By SHAUN MALORY. (Jarrolds. 6s. net.)
 "The Red Whirlwind." By DRAYCOTT M. DELL and MAY WYNNE. (Jarrolds. 6s. net.)

THERE is something pathetic in this incessant flood of novels whose one aim is to thrill the blood with the wonder, the sense of "happening for the first time," which is the joy of being young. All the world wants to be young; it is not content with mere "love and nonsense, men and women," that is, with things as they are. It is not content with the humdrum satisfaction of getting one's job done, which is the joy of middle-age. Nor, in fact, is this craving for the Land of Youth a mere novelist's fancy; the uglier life gets, the greater must be the longing to escape into the world of the ideal. And the great creators of wonder, awe and joy, are great benefactors. What, for instance, is the worth of "Heart of Darkness" when weighed against the many inventions of the scientists?

Here, then, we have three romances: one of the fancy that reaches into the future, one of the invention that dips into the strange devices of character, and one of our very old friends, a story of the French Terror. They are in subject typical of the orthodox ways of waking the fancy: dreams of a time when we shall actually think of our earth as but a continent in the vast solar system; of a dead man, living on by virtue of his ever-living influence; of a past when, surely, people ought to have realized how extraordinarily picturesque they were. Here, barring ghosts and strange places of earth, are all the stage properties of thrill.

"Station X" is easily first of the three, and this not because Mr. McLeod knows how to use his material, but because that material is first-class of its kind. A curiously contrary fate seems to afflict novel-writers, for those who cannot write often get hold of good copy, and those who can have only too often but the poorest stuff to handle. In "Station X," Mr. McLeod imagines a wireless station with a very powerful apparatus, and an operator in that curious pathological condition in which one can hear even a snail creeping on the wall. To this man there comes a wireless message, first from an inhabitant of Venus, and, later on, from a Martian. It is, we are told, a matter of three minutes for light, and therefore for the Hertzian wave, to travel from Venus to the earth. The Venerian communicator is able to hypnotize the operator, and to send etheric waves of sufficient power to throw into turmoil all the wireless stations of earth. In science, apparently, we earth-men are but the infant-class of the solar system. Thus, the Lunarians, when they found their sphere becoming uninhabitable, were able to transfer their personalities by hypnotism to the bodies of the Martians, ousting by this means the original inhabitants of that planet. This produces such tragedy that a fresh interchange is necessary, in which the Earth-men are involved. War follows between the immensely scientific Martians and the friendly, but less developed Venerians. But Mr. McLeod's inventiveness is purely that of a scientific inventor of destructive weapons; all he can create is ever more torpedoes and fire-dropping devilries. It is conceivable, even to electricians, that the ether could transmit messages from planet to planet, given that it is all-pervading, or at least interplanetary, and that the requisite instruments are at hand. If light can pierce our air, why not the Hertzian waves? The idea is romantic, but the treatment of it crude; we are stunned by the violence of the wonders forced on us. In detail—and that is the literary point of the whole matter—Mr. McLeod is weak. He not only leaves the question of language unsolved, but neglects the splendid opportunity of dealing with the question of Martian and Venerian character. These beings are, in fact, nothing more than a new lot of Imperialists, all burning to grab and exploit, not a continent, but a planet, all painfully like the human race in its present stage of development. And, if the Martians are what Mr. McLeod suggests, it ought to be made a capital offence to set up another wireless station. Yet what a splendid chance for the imagination there was in the creation of beings of will, intelligence, and morals different from our own. This has yet to be done.

There is a fable of a dying father who set his sons to dig for treasure round the roots of the trees on their estate,

children and policies providing for death duties. As to the latter, they were prepared to issue policies providing for the payment of such duties directly to the Inland Revenue authorities, thus avoiding the necessity of any forced realization of the estate before grant of probate, or of executors submitting themselves personally to risk of making advances for those purposes.

During the war they had assisted the Government by inducing more than 20,000 people to take out policies in connection with subscriptions to War Loans, by means of which subscriptions of over £5,000,000 had been taken up.

Their existing life business was one of the largest in the country, including the life premium income of the English and Scottish Law Life Assurance Association, their renewal premium income amounted to nearly £1,200,000, and, apart from offices transacting industrial business, there were only three British companies whose premium income had exceeded that amount in 1917. The aggregate amount of the life insurance and annuity funds at the close of the year 1918 was £12,582,679, after writing off depreciation of securities to the extent of £681,750. That depreciation was sufficient to provide not only for depreciation in Stock Exchange securities, but for all the depreciation in other classes of investments belonging to the "Star" and "Sceptre" closed funds, whose quinquennial valuations fell to be made at the close of the year. Those valuations were made on the same stringent bases as had been employed previously, and, although following the universal practice of British life assurance companies which made quinquennial valuations in the year 1918, they had thought it better to make no general distribution of bonus in regard to the "Sceptre" and "Star" policies, they had been able to provide interim bonuses at the rate of 1 per cent, and upwards in the case of all such policies becoming claimed by death or survival during the next five years. That result must be regarded as extremely satisfactory under the unparalleled conditions with which they had had to contend. As to future prospects of bonus in those sections, they were immensely improved by the fact that they had cleared off all the depreciation up to the close of last year, and that a large proportion of the investments were made in British Government securities in which little depreciation was to be feared. The profits which life offices relied upon for their bonus were derived mainly from three sources. Premiums were based upon tables which made certain assumptions in regard to mortality, interest earnings and expenses. If the business of a life office could be managed so that the mortality experience was lower than that assumed, if the interest earnings were greater than anticipated, and if the actual expense ratio was less than the margin of premiums actuarially reserved for that purpose, the result must be a profit varying according to circumstances for participating policy-holders in each of those cases. He was happy to say that their new business held out good prospects in all those directions. Their mortality experience in the new and active section of their life operations must necessarily be advantaged by the fact that the vast majority of their policy-holders in that class had recently passed the ordeal of medical examination. The interest earnings in 1918, after deduction of income tax, were well in excess of that assumed in framing the premiums. Expenses amounted to only 12½ per cent. of the premiums, which must be considered a very low ratio. Apart from those advantages, a great bulk of the funds appertaining to their new series of life assurance were invested in British Government securities, of which there was no likelihood of depreciation such as had proved such an adverse influence on old-established life businesses. Indeed, looking to bonus-earning capacity, he was inclined to rank the attractions to new entrants of the new section of the company as unsurpassed amongst contemporary institutions. He thought, therefore, that their agents might with complete confidence put forward well-grounded claims to the confidence of the public, based upon the expectation that they ought to do as well for their participating policy-holders as any existing life assurance company.

Mr. J. Douglas Watson, F.I.A., F.A.S., deputy chairman, seconded the resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts, and it was carried unanimously.

MAPPIN & WEBB (LTD.).

THE tenth general meeting of this Company was held on April 30th, at the Prince's Restaurant, Piccadilly, Mr. William Harris, the Chairman, presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that three years ago he had had to present a balance-sheet which was far from favourable, but he had then expressed his strong conviction in the soundness of the business, and predicted that, given normal times, the Company would soon return to their former prosperity and be paying dividends. Since then they had progressed rapidly. The balance-sheet for 1917 was very much better than that for 1916, and the one now submitted was better still; in fact, it was the best balance-sheet they had ever presented to the shareholders.

During 1918 the difficulties of export trade had been very great, and they had been unable to supply fully their numerous foreign branches and many foreign customers with all the goods they required. The position was becoming daily better.

Their sales for 1917 were the highest ever recorded in the history of the Company, but those for 1918 were still considerably higher. The profit now shown was also the highest recorded in their history, amounting to £66,975, and exceeding the profit of 1912, the next highest, by £10,860. That was entirely due to increased turnover, and notwithstanding increased labour costs and very much heavier income-tax.

The profits from their branches and subsidiary companies had amounted to £112,031, against £80,146 in 1917, an increase of £31,885. After charging all arrears of preference dividend up to June 30th, 1918, there was a balance of £60,485. In addition to writing down the goodwill by £10,000, they proposed to place £10,000 to general reserve, and to pay a dividend on the ordinary shares of 10 per cent., less tax. With reference to the luxury tax, which had affected them, it was the third time such a tax had been proposed in this country and the third time it had been dropped. The war had left the country burdened with a great debt, which involved heavy taxation. That taxation they were all prepared to pay, but they wanted the money raised in a sound and legitimate manner. When income-tax or any other direct impost went up, it quickened interest in the financial affairs of the country, but, if a man was taxed every time he bought a fountain pen, or had a good dinner, or a decent suit of clothes, if in a word, he was slightly taxed every other day in the week, and the tax was insensibly blended as it would be with the price of the article he was buying, then he was not aware of the yearly impost laid on him and ceased to that extent to take any interest in the finances of his country. It was for that reason that the luxury tax was to be condemned as a vicious method of taxation.

They had three elements in their business which should make for its continued progress and success. They had a magnificent name, a name held in the highest repute not only in this country but throughout the world. They had a united and harmonious board. Finally, they had a loyal, contented, and efficient staff—a staff of which he could not speak too warmly, or commend too highly, and to whose efforts were due the splendid balance-sheet which the directors were able to present on that present occasion. He wished specially to commend and thank their various branch managers. These men—some of them working 6,000 miles away—carried out their duties with regularity and zeal, and he was sure that it would be the desire of the shareholders that he should publicly and warmly thank them for their untiring efforts on behalf of the Company.

In the course of his references to the balance-sheet the Chairman said that the stocks now amounted to £490,759, against £417,939 in 1917. That was a very large figure, but not larger than the business now required. The increase was mainly, if not entirely, due to the larger jewellery stocks now held by their three London houses in Oxford Street, Queen Victoria Street, and Regent Street, and shareholders would be interested to learn that they now possessed one of the finest jewellery stocks in London.

Mr. Walter Mappin seconded the adoption of the report and accounts, which was unanimously agreed to, and the retiring directors, Mr. William Harris and Mr. A. E. Bassett, were re-elected.

A vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff concluded the proceedings.

meaning by this to make the ground fertile and to exercise the boys' muscles and determination. This is the idea in "The Quest of the Golden Spurs." In this modern instance the reward is a true-love and a great Irish property. And it all comes off, of course, according to programme, from the time the boy begins his researches in the tower, through his studies in surface drainage, to his adventures in Donegal. There are some ingenious cyphers, and the whole is a good boy's book of adventure. There is a curious mixture of styles in the telling. At first the language appears to be "historic," but before long it is purely Georgian. "The Quest of the Golden Spurs" is capable work enough, just a little machine-made and derivative, but wholesome. One's chief objection to the many tales of this kind which appear is that they are but far-off echoes of great inspired work, which may be neglected in the multitude of new stories. Mr. Malory started with a good idea, and in fact, the first chapters have something about them of the real thrill of wonder and curiosity. But almost at once this spirit fails. One knows what is coming, it is no longer a piece of actuality, but simply a tale that is told.

It is, however, harmless. The same cannot be said of "The Red Whirlwind," apparently a book written with one eye on the young girl. For in this every human value is false. There is much talk in it of the *canaille*—the French pater is incessant—and these are all that is base. Surprise is expressed when a tradesman shows courage and the wife of a tradesman human feeling. The aristocrat in hiding is traced by that exquisite morsel of cambric, his handkerchief. Whenever the girls show any daring, they always make a mess of the job, and drag their admirers into peril. Here is all the sickly English sentiment, as Irishmen see it, inspired with snobbery and false ideals. It is not the newspaper press alone which makes one wonder whether the invention of printing was a blessing, for young girls read stories of this kind almost by the thousand, and all their lives carry with them the trail of these false delicacies, which represent the woman as a lay figure of imbecile sweetness, set up to be an object of desire by the strong man—who is equally imbecile.

To romance is not to lie about values; it is to see things in their beauty. Tir-nan-ogue is the pure over-world of the idea, cleansed of baseness, and as essentially true as the dawn itself. The few writers who can give young girls the key to it deserve every blessing we can imagine.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"A Journey in War Time." By ISABELLA ST. JOHN. (John Lane. 5s.)

LADY ST. JOHN'S book is a change from the customary war records. It would be the better for compression. There is a talkativeness about it which is not pleasing. One wonders how far she would have gone in her adventure had she not carried the privilege of a title; but this does not lessen one's appreciation of the lady's courage. Hearing that her son was lying seriously wounded in France—a report which was not true—she succeeded, although not holding a military pass, in making her way from London to the battle zone through the thousand-and-one barriers erected against the unauthorized civilian. She was frequently within the firing-line and constantly challenged, but she found her astonished son.

* * *

"The Idea of Public Right: Being the First Four Prize Essays in each Three Divisions of the 'Nation' Essay Competition." With an Introduction by The Right Hon H. H. ASQUITH. (Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

THE "enthronement of public right" was Gladstone's phrase. It means one thing to thinkers, and another to those who do not come within the classification. In this volume we have the views of men and women who have given study to modern tendencies and the hopes and ideals of international democracy. The "Nation" competition was another proof of the existence of a large body of trained political thought to which the daily newspapers are closed. For all the attention it receives in the Press, it might have its being in another planet. In the present exigency hope is revived

from the reading of these essays, written by people unknown in politics and literature. The points of view from which the problem is approached are various, and it is impossible to summarize them in a short space; but the volume can be commended to the critical study of our readers, who will remember the competition in 1917. One notable fact is pointed out by the judges in their report. Whatever divergence of view there may be among the essayists regarding the application of force by a League of Nations, and other constructive suggestions for the future direction of foreign politics, they all agree in condemning obstacles to free commercial intercourse. All the writers insist that a League which is based upon the Paris Economic Resolutions is doomed to failure.

The Week in the City.

ANXIOUS anticipation of the Budget easily explains the lack of animation on the Stock Exchange up to Thursday. On Wednesday afternoon, when the Stock Exchange was closed, before the Chancellor's speech had come to hand, Consols had given way to 55½, and the War Loan Fives were weak at 93½. On the other hand, French Loans recovered a little, 81 and 64 being the prices of the Fours and the Fives respectively. Last week the feature in the Foreign Market was the heavy marking down of Italian Fives, owing to fear that by quarrelling with President Wilson, Italy might lose the financial support of America, and ultimately be unable to avoid a composition with its creditors. The City, however, soon began to regard Signor Orlando's performance as theatrical, and prices recovered. But, of course, very little Italian Debt is held in London. The feature this week has been the sharp rise in Russian Bonds, including a number of the municipal loans which were subscribed in London between 1906 and 1914. Russian Fives have risen to 55, but I am inclined to think the municipal securities are far better than Russian War Loans. The interesting question is the cause of the rise. Some attribute it to Koltchak's successes against the Bolsheviks, overlooking the French evacuation of Odessa and Sebastopol; others attribute it to a determination of the Paris Conference to make peace with Russia and to withdraw our costly and unpopular expeditions.

It is difficult to say what the permanent effect of the Budget is likely to be. As I listened to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, I was struck by various emotions. His Preferential and Protectionist policy will bring disaster unless it is speedily removed. The anticipated deficit for the current year (300 millions), is smaller than was expected; but the House of Commons was amazed to find that such an amount of new taxation is necessary in order to maintain the credit of the country. The state of the floating debt and of the paper currency is most alarming. I think most people will prefer the increase of death duties to an increase in the income tax.

GRAND TRUNK MEETING.

The annual meeting of the proprietors of the Grand Trunk was held on Monday, and the chief interest in the proceedings lay in the Chairman's announcement that, after consultation with the shareholders' committee appointed at the recent extraordinary meeting, the Board had submitted a fresh and modified offer to the Government of Canada. This new proposal is now under the consideration of the Dominion Government. The main portion of the Chairman's speech was devoted to emphasising and developing the strong points in the Grand Trunk case, which are familiar to readers of this column. The Chairman's chief duty is, of course, to fight tooth-and-nail for the interests of the British holders, who, he said, number 100,000. But it would hardly be wise policy to ignore the views of the Canadian taxpayer, which, to judge from advices coming from Ottawa, are strongly behind the Government's determination not to give the Grand Trunk the full pound of flesh that they demand. The Government's case is strong, and it is fortified by the findings of an expert commission. A conciliatory attitude by the British Board might perhaps produce a conciliatory response in Canada, and result in better terms being accorded to the British holder than would be secured by intransigent insistence upon full demands. It is to be hoped that the submission of a new offer by the Board is evidence that they are fully aware of the probable advantages of treading the path of mutual accommodation.

THE BUDGET AND THE CITY.

As Mr. Chamberlain chose April 30th for his Budget statement, and May 1st is the traditional Stock Exchange holiday, the House has a full day to digest and weigh up the proposals before returning to business, thus avoiding the spasmodic movements so often occasioned by hasty first readings. This week has seen a resumption of the flood of capital issues, which was interrupted by the Easter holidays. Five prospectuses have appeared this week, none of first-rate importance, but many very prominent issues are pending. I hear that the underwriters of the issue to finance the Metropolitan Waggon Co.'s absorption by Vickers' will probably have to take about 25 per cent.

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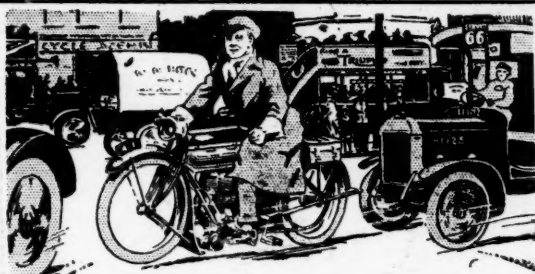


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